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SIXPENCE.

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THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE COMMITTEE OF DEFENCE UPON A PERMANENT FOOTING, MARCH 5: THE MEMBERS OF THE BODY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MESSRS. ELLIOTT AND FRY AND MESSRS. BASSANO.

The Committee, as at present constituted, includes the following (front row, from left): The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council; Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Balfour, Prime Minister; Mr. Brodrick, Secretary of State for War; Lord Roberts, Commander-in-Chief. (Back row, from left): Prince Louis of Battenberg, Director of Naval Intelligence; Lord Walter Kerr, First Naval Lord; and Sir G. W. Nicholson, Director of Military Intelligence.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We are a leisurely people. In 1859 a Commission reported in favour of making a naval base at Filey. Twenty years later another Commission reported to the same effect. In the meantime it was deemed more advisable to construct a harbour at Dover, and it is said that, with luck, the works there may be finished by 1905. Twelve years ago a Commission was appointed to meditate on a naval base in the Firth of Forth. It reported last year, and the Government has announced that the project will be put in hand. This ought to please Sir William Allan, who glories in the Firth of Forth at the Emergency Conference which met the other day to discuss such inflammatory matters as naval bases and North Sea Squadrons. He told us how Scotland had built a navy long before the slow-witted Sassenach had grasped the idea of sea-power. Yes, the Scots had sixteen sail-of-the-line when we had nothing but the *Great Harry*. Since then, Scotland had conquered England, and our notions had expanded; but we could not be completely rational until we had made a naval base in the Forth. Well, there is to be an arsenal on what, by a slight poetical license, may be called the banks of Allan Water, and close to Dalmeny, home of Rosebery, arch-disturber of peaceful bosoms.

This development has a really notable quality of humour. The Emergency Conference was told by solemn persons that its motive was mischievous and its proceedings abortive. But within three weeks both its objects were achieved by the creation of the Home Fleet, and the official homage in the Forth to the priority of Scotland's naval genius. Mr. Maxse, of the *National Review*, who organised the Conference, and was denounced next day as a firebrand, turns out to be the torchbearer of the Admiralty. You cannot expect this little comedy to be appreciated across the German Ocean. It is remarked in Germany, justly enough, that Britain has a right to protect her coasts; but the Berlin *Post* informs its readers that everybody in England, except a few malignants, rejoiced at our "co-operation" with Germany, and thirsts for more. From this it is clear that the ostrich is acclimatised in the Fatherland, and that the foolish bird, to avoid any spectacle that nettles its pride, buries its head in the Berlin *Post*. Having discovered the real aims of German policy, the people of this country are resolved to watch their interesting neighbour with vigilance, but without heat. For the cool politeness fitting to this situation there is no better model than President Roosevelt. He will receive that precious statue of Frederick from the Kaiser; but he has persuaded Congress to vote sixteen millions sterling for the American Navy.

The new Army reforms will greatly agitate the officers and gentlemen who denounced the report of the Military Education Committee as a meddlesome impertinence. There is really a prospect at last of keeping nincompoops out of the Army. It will no longer be so easy for the young gentleman with small brains and large means to take up a profession which he has neither the capacity nor the desire to master. The War Office has discovered that the Army should not be the pet preserve of people for whom social standing is the sole measure of public service. So the educational tests are to be raised; promotion is to be regulated by efficiency; and the candidate who scrapes through an examination, and then makes himself conspicuous in his regiment by learning nothing, is to run the risk of being unceremoniously bundled out.

That looks like a drastic attempt to root out the pestilent notion, hitherto so sedulously cultivated in the Army, that it is not "good form" for an officer to be "keen" about his profession. The subaltern may be expected to exert himself to merit praise in the confidential reports. Much will depend, of course, upon the standard of duty observed by his seniors, who may be exposed to the blandishments of his anxious family. But the new educational ideal, on the whole, must discourage nincompoops. Perhaps they will discover that the Army is no longer fit for a gentleman when the officers are recruited from men who have passed through military examinations at the Universities. Conversation at the regimental mess may be degraded to professional "shop." Your lieutenant fresh from Oxford, instead of showing a manly interest in music-hall gossip, may start some topic out of military history! And think of Oxford, consecrated so long to peaceful scholarship, invaded by youths who have already received provisional commissions in the Army, and treat their Alma Mater as a tutelary Amazon in a cocked hat!

There are quarrels in which it is impossible to take sides. You taste the pure joy of cheering all the combatants. Who cares about the rights and wrongs of that shalloo on Shannon shore, reported by Thackeray? In the perfidious statesman who "hired a gang of

ruffians to interrupt the miffins" you delight as much as in the patriots who were "full of tay and cake" when set upon by the minions of the Castle. With the same impartial sympathy I view the encounter of the *Times* and its dramatic critic with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Arthur Bourchier. Great principles, I believe, were at stake, just as liberty was upheld by the champions "purshuin'" of their shindies" in Thackeray's ballad. The rights of criticism, of dramatic authors, of actor-managers, even the right of the *Times* to manage its own business, have challenged the attention of a public burning to redress injustice. But I cannot forget that on the first night of Mr. Jones's new play at the Garrick I missed the speaking countenance of Mr. Walkley, but never suspected that at that very moment he was solemnly ushered into the "Royal Room" to learn that he could not be admitted to the performance. What a subject for a painting, one of those historical masterpieces such as you see in ancient galleries: "Dr. Johnson in the Ante-Room of Lord Chesterfield"—"Mr. Walkley in the Royal Room at the Garrick Theatre"! Had I any skill with the brush I would paint something on that theme, worthy, at least, of South Kensington Museum.

The best of this scrimmage is that everybody's rights remain intact. The *Times* will not manage the Garrick; Mr. Bourchier will not reign in Printing House Square; Mr. Jones will not write Mr. Walkley's notices; nor will the public be deprived of Mr. Jones's ingenious plays. Both dramatist and critic are richer in experience. Mr. Jones has unburdened his soul against the irrelevant jests of his censor, and Mr. Walkley has been in the "Royal Room." As for the merits of the controversy, they are embedded in human frailty. No author can appreciate a critic who gibes at him; no critic, however scrupulous, can be entirely fair to an author whose point of view he dislikes; no public can hold the scales evenly between the two. Mr. Jones objects to "impressionist" criticism; but if the modern play is not "impressionist," what is it? As a rule, it is a deft manipulation of dramatic material to suit the agreeable personalities of popular players. Mr. Jones draws a character which is an impression of Mr. Bourchier's talent, and that excellent comedian gives us an artist's proof. Why, then, complain of the critic who tells us how his mind is affected by the joint impressions of these collaborators? After all, this is no more than any playgoer can say for himself; and he always has the option of disagreeing as cordially with the critic as Mr. Jones. Even that aggrieved dramatist manfully declares that he will go on writing plays, and inviting Mr. Walkley's opinion of them; and this is the rational conclusion of the comedy.

Temperament sometimes makes a critic lively without making him invariably judicious. When Mr. Walkley associates the endowed theatre with "dissolute Kings and crazy Grand Dukes," nobody puts in an excited protest on behalf of the sanity and morals of German municipalities. A millionaire who had a fancy to endow a theatre would not think it necessary to produce a medical certificate of his intelligence and an ecclesiastical testimonial to his private character. Some of the objections to such an endowment do suggest "impressionism" of a rather erratic kind. A theatre ought not to be subsidised, it is said, because it is a place of amusement. That seems to be the very reason why theatres are sustained in Germany out of public funds; but, at any rate, a millionaire might amuse himself by endowing the drama, even if it did not equally amuse the public. A free library is a place of amusement, where the patrons for the most part read anything save literature; but Mr. Carnegie's zest for endowing free libraries is unabated. In Paris several theatres have public subsidies; but Mr. Walkley has discovered that the system is threatened with disintegration because two eminent critics do not agree about the stage-management of classics at the *Français*. A foreign observer might as well say that the publication of the *Times* is about to be discontinued because Mr. Walkley is not in harmony with Mr. Jones. Another "impressionist" has told us that theatrical managers, who are dependent on their balance-sheets, would be justified in combining against any millionaire who dared to carry on a theatre in the teeth of deficits. This suggests that the minds which are unhinged by the theatre are not always grand ducal.

But, as we cannot all think alike, the best philosophy is to pursue one's business, solaced by the thought that critics answer one another. I review a novel which, in my judgment, is unreadable—that is, I cannot read it with any pleasure. But in the publisher's advertisements I note that, in the opinion of another judge, this novel is "readable from cover to cover." That should convince the author that I am quite wrong, and stimulate him or her to write another novel and put me to shame again. Thus, you see, the discontented critic plays his useful part, and, like the devil's advocate, acts as a foil to the beauties he cannot esteem.

PARLIAMENT.

The Army has mainly occupied the attention of the House of Commons, though the Navy is well to the fore with an increase of expenditure amounting to ten per cent. The total for the year stands at £34,457,000. Mr. Brodrick explained his scheme for the reform of military education. The Director-General of that department is to be assisted by an Advisory Board, representing the Universities, the Incorporated Association of Head Masters, the Head Masters' Conference, together with Woolwich, Sandhurst, the Staff College, and the Ordnance College. Sandhurst is to give two years' training, as at Woolwich, and the cadets in both schools are to go into camp for a month or six weeks in summer. No cadet will get a commission unless he shows application. The Universities will be asked to include two or three military subjects in their honours examinations. At present an idle officer has as much right to promotion as an officer who has proved his zeal and ability. Officers with social influence, said Mr. Brodrick, with significant emphasis, had hitherto been more fortunate in getting pleasant billets than officers who were merely competent and able. This pernicious system is to be rooted out. Promotion will depend solely on merit, and the officer who cannot or will not work, and therefore attracts the unfavourable notice of his superiors, will lose his commission.

These drastic proposals received general approval, but Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman suggested that officers ought not to be recruited exclusively from the leisured classes, and it was strongly urged that means should be found to reduce regimental expenses. Reduction of expenditure was the note of criticism on the Army Estimates, though even the most severe of economists recommended an increase of pay for the officer. A strong set was again made against the Government proposals by a number of their own supporters. Mr. Guest moved a reduction of the Regular forces by 27,000 men, and was supported by Sir John Gorst. Mr. Brodrick was charged with keeping up a professional Army in excess of national requirements, but he maintained that it was no more than sufficient, and that when we had a Reserve of 100,000 men it would be possible to have fewer men with the colours, and so save money.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PROPHECY," AT THE AVENUE.

That naïve play, "The Prophecy," which tells how peasant twins both loved and alternately fascinated a proud lady, has been altered by the author since its original Fulham production. For the Avenue Theatre Mr. Dick Anthony has wisely compressed his five acts into four and has suppressed the grotesque stage-realism of his eclipse episode, but by making his heroine now rush between and die before the combatant brothers, he has adopted a less satisfactory and very huddled finale. This new solution permits no time for the transformation of the sombre brother, according to "prophecy," and leaves unaffected the chief fault of the first version as mere bald, romantic melodrama. The heroine still appears a wavering lover, and the attraction which each twin inspires is never made clear. Now, in rhetorical drama, character, however conventional, should be boldly drawn. For the rest, the play, which possesses a certain poetic quality, crude and unfinished, and exhibits undoubted oratorical fervour and some dramatic power, is quite lacking in atmosphere, as in a sense of humour.

"THE WORST WOMAN IN LONDON," AT THE ADELPHI.

"What is good enough for Shoreditch is good enough for the Strand; what pleased Adelphi audiences in old days may please them again"—Mr. Walter Melville seems to have argued when trying the most recent experiment at the Messrs. Gatti's theatre. And so now it is possible for West-End playgoers to study, and to enjoy, in "The Worst Woman in London" a melodrama of the naïve, unvarnished sort which delights their East-End neighbours. Enjoy it they should, and not only its "chunks" of "comic relief"; for Mr. Melville, the author-manager, has piled up the virtues of his virtuous characters and the vices of his villains with lavish generosity, and there is a droll thoroughness about the wickedness of his rightly styled titular heroine. One episode alone, however, that in which an amiable old gentleman, destined to be murdered by his wife, is seen parading in an indubitable nightgown and tucking himself up under the blankets, should make the fortunes of the play, so delightful is its uncalculated humour. Not all the subsequent crimes of the "worst woman," not even the persecuted wife's thrilling escape on the telegraph wires, created on the first night quite the same genial enthusiasm as this quaint bed-room scene. Whatever may be the West-End fate of Mr. Melville's piece—and Miss Edith Cole (in the title rôle) and her associates interpret it in just the right full-blooded manner—there is no doubt but that it is thoroughly entertaining.

THE NEW PROGRAMME OF THE HIPPODROME.

Herr Julius Seeth and his troupe of lions, now thirty-one in number, have returned to the London Hippodrome, and furnish just now the chief attraction of its programme. Those sightseers who like a thrill of alarm in their amusements, and have not yet made the acquaintance of Herr Seeth's lions, should take advantage of their last opportunity, for when his present engagement is concluded, the famous tamer retires, with twenty-three years' experience, from his hazardous profession. Hazardous such exhibitions as his must always be, as he himself has found this very week; but, on the whole, the docility of his noble animals is wonderful—as wonderful as the ease with which they go through their tasks, or as the strong will and resource of their master. The lions, however, are not the only notable performers at the Hippodrome.

MUSIC.

Miss Marie Hall has had an unprecedented success; she has become famous immediately after her first public concert in England. On Thursday afternoon, March 5, the St. James's Hall authorities could have filled their concert-room several times from the disappointed overflow of people. Miss Marie Hall, besides being a genius, an executant of the highest order, is an English girl, almost a child in appearance, and that makes her doubly welcome. There are romantic tales surrounding her, many of which are apocryphal; but the truth—as it so often is—is sufficiently romantic. Born of poor parents, the father a struggling musician, Miss Marie Hall had every disadvantage, and might well have lived and died in the Bohemian tenth-rate order of performers; but her genius was not to be stifled, and she is now one of the best pupils of Sevcik. The first item on the programme was the "Kreutzer Sonata" of Beethoven, the pianoforte part of which was played by Herr Gottfried Galston. His interpretation was excellent, but somewhat too loud for her delicate refinement of expression and tone. Her playing of the beautiful andante, with its variations, was especially to be praised. For one of her solos she gave a violin concerto in F sharp minor of Ernst, full of beautiful if somewhat conventional melody and elaborate technique, which seemed child's play under her bow. She also played the familiar Chaconne, written for the violin, with no accompaniment, of Bach; and the fantastic violin solo of Paganini, "Moïse," written for one string. This has difficulties that deter old and famous violinists, but which were rendered faultlessly. Her audience refused to be content without a further encore. Herr Gottfried Galston played a pianoforte solo of Brahms, in which his touch seemed a little metallic and uncompromising. The subject of the solo was a theme of Handel on which Brahms had built up endless variations. So great was Miss Hall's success that a supplementary concert has been arranged in April.

Miss Mavis Wingfield and Miss Kathleen Purcell gave an interesting vocal and harp recital on Wednesday evening, March 4. Miss Kathleen Purcell is one of our best harpists, and each year she gains in technique. Her style is always excellent. She not only plays with charm and sympathy, but she has an admirable execution. She played beautifully a "Reverie" of John Thomas by request, a "Prière" of Hasselmans, and a Caprice of Verdale.

Miss Mathilde Verne gave a concert on Tuesday, March 3, at the St. James's Hall, in which the first half of the programme was devoted to a pianoforte recital. She began with Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 27. In this she was excellent, as also in the "Carnival" of Schumann.

At the Saturday Popular Concert at the St. James's Hall on March 7 the great interest centred in the performance of a string quartet in D minor of Weingartner, heard for the first time in England. Herr Weingartner is a composer of the modern school, with a simplicity of form and a mastery of composition on which he builds up his beautiful melodies. The allegro has some charming airs, and the adagio is no less graceful. The trio of the third movement and the fugue of the finale are equally original and captivating. It will be an admirable choice for further chamber-concerts. The performers were Professor Johann Kruse, Mr. Inwards, Mr. Féris, and Mr. Walenn. A vocalist from Berlin, Frau Lula Mysz-Gmeiner, sang well, with a rich contralto voice, some songs of Brahms. Herr Wilhelm Backhaus was the pianist, and played with his customary fluency the Paganini variations arranged by Brahms.

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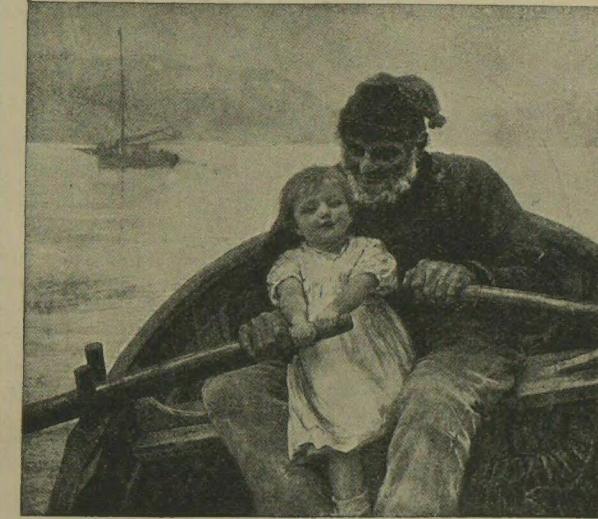
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PERSONAL.

The fortieth anniversary of the wedding of the King and Queen was celebrated on March 10 at Buckingham Palace with a private dinner and dance.

Mr. James Henry Musson Campbell, K.C., the newly elected M.P. for the University Division of Dublin, has been Solicitor-General for Ireland since 1901, and for two years sat in the House of Commons as representative of the St. Stephen's Green Division of Dublin. Born in September 1851, and educated at Kingstown School, and Trinity College, Dublin; he was Senior Moderator and Gold Medalist in Classics, and winner of the Vice-Chancellor's Gold Medal, and prizes in History, Law, and Political Economy. As a law student he was awarded the O'Hagan medal for legal debate, and in 1878 he was duly called to the Bar, speedily attaining to an extensive practice in the North-East Circuit. Mr. Campbell took silk in 1890, and for some years acted as Crown Prosecutor for Belfast. In 1894 he was elected a Bencher of the King's Inns, and seven years afterwards a Bencher of Gray's Inn. He is married to Emily, daughter of the late John McCullagh, R.M.

The Rev. William Archibald Spooner, whose occasional verbal eccentricity has added a new word to the English language, has been elected Warden of New College, Oxford, in place of the late Dr. J. E. Sewell. Educated at Oswestry School, Mr. Spooner became Scholar of New College in 1862, Fellow in 1867, Lecturer in 1868, and Tutor in 1869. In 1872 he was ordained deacon, and three years later priest. He was Chaplain to Archbishop Tait, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Peterborough in 1899, and has been Public Examiner for Classical Honours. Mr. Spooner, who is the son of William Spooner, Judge of County Court, North Staffordshire, married Frances Wycliffe Goodwin, the third daughter of the late Bishop of Carlisle. He is Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. His publications include "The Histories of Tacitus," with Introduction and Notes, and "Bishop Butler: His Life and Writings."

Lieutenant-Colonel George Francis Robert Henderson, who had been chosen to write the official history of the Boer War, died at Assouan on March 5. The late officer was the son of the Very Rev. William George Henderson, Dean of Carlisle, and, joining the Army in 1878, was present with the York and Lancaster Regiment at a number of the engagements during the Egyptian War of 1882. The publication of his first book, "The Campaign of Fredericksburg," brought him under the notice of Lord Wolseley, and led to his appointment as Instructor at Sandhurst, which, in turn, caused him to be selected for the Professorship of Military Art and History at the Staff College. While there, from 1892 till 1897, he wrote the books which have made his name so well known to students of military history, including his magnificent biography of Stonewall Jackson, which not only takes highest place among his published works, but is generally recognised to be of exceptional erudition and

merit. Colonel Henderson accompanied Lord Roberts to South Africa as Director of Military Intelligence, and there is no doubt that his advice was of the greatest value to the Commander-in-Chief. It is said of Colonel Henderson that no man of his time exercised so beneficial an influence on the education of the Army, an influence which will long survive his brief career.

The Bishop of Treves, who laid a Government school in that city under a ban, has been compelled to revoke his thunder. Complaint was made to the Vatican when the Bishop's zeal was found inconvenient.

The Sultan of Morocco is still struggling with rebellion, and nobody knows which way fortune inclines. But he has thoughtfully bought a large estate in England with a view to contingencies. If he should grow tired of crushing rebels who spring up again as lively as ever, he can always settle down in England and shoot pheasants.

Robert Collier, second Baron Monkswell, who has been elected Chairman of the London County Council

in succession to Sir J. McDougall, is the son of the first peer, the eminent law officer, afterwards a Judge of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and his wife, Isabella, daughter of Mr. William Rose Rose. Born on March 26, 1845, he was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a First Class in the Law Tripos of 1866. In 1869 he was called to Temple, and he

was for some time Conveyancing Counsel to the Treasury, and an Official Examiner of the High Court of Judicature. From 1892 till 1895 he was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, and in 1895 Under-Secretary of State for War. He has been closely concerned with the work of the London County Council since its establishment, and has already acted as its Vice-Chairman. Lord Monkswell married Mary Josephine, daughter of Joseph Alfred Hardcastle, in 1873.

Mr. Carnegie has given two thousand pounds to the funds of a Philological Institution in New York, which is to choose a phonetic alphabet and reform the pronunciation of English. As pronunciation cannot be influenced by institutes, and as the world will not adopt phonetic spelling, Mr. Carnegie might have found a better use for his donation.

The Royal Academy has made a new regulation of the number of pictures which artists may submit for selection. Hitherto, anybody has been at liberty to send in eight pictures, and the total has reached many thousands. In future, the outsider may send only two. Academicians and Associates may send six, all of which, of course, must be hung.

Mr. Henry Currie Leigh-Bennett, Member of Parliament for the Chertsey Division of Surrey since 1897, who died at Windlesham on March 7, was born at Thorpe Place, Chertsey, in 1852, and was the son of the late Rev. Henry Leigh-Bennett. Educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford, he was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1878. Among the public offices he filled were those of Chairman of the Chertsey Rural District Council and the Thorpe Parish Council. He was a hard-working

member of the Surrey County Council, and for some years Deputy-Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions. In June 1900, on the death of General Sir Frederick Marshall, he was appointed a director of the London and South-Western Railway Company. Mr. Leigh-Bennett married Florence Nightingale, daughter of Thomas Miller Mackay, in 1878.

Rumours of domestic reform come from Kabul. The Ameer is said to have divorced all his wives but four. The discarded ladies may marry again, and, failing that resource, they will be pensioned. In future no Afghan is to keep more than four wives. This drastic change is expected to increase the economic prosperity of Afghanistan.

At Thebes has been discovered the tomb of Thothmes IV., a Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty. The most valuable relic is the King's chariot, which

is in excellent preservation and a fine specimen of ancient Egyptian carving.

A Russian spy, arrested at Aden, was politely conducted to the Russian ship to which he belonged. This is the sort of leniency which invites a repetition of the offence.

Mr. Robert Walker Macbeth, the newly elected Royal Academician, was born in Glasgow on Sept. 30, 1848, the second son of Mr. Norman Macbeth, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy. His general education he received in Edinburgh and in Friedrichsdorf; his art education at the Royal Scottish Academy Schools. In 1871 he came to London, and, turning his attention to black-and-white work, joined the staff of the *Graphic*, to which paper he has been a frequent contributor.

Mr. Macbeth first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, in the same year being elected an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society. From that time onwards he has been a regular exhibitor at Burlington House. He was elected A.R.A. in 1883, was one of the original members of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, and is a correspondent of *L'Institut de France*. Mr. Macbeth married Lydia, eldest daughter of General Bates, Bombay Native Cavalry, in 1887.

The Rev. Reginald John Campbell, who has now accepted the "call" to succeed the late Dr. Parker as Pastor of the City Temple, where he has been taking the Thursday morning services for some time past, is the son and the grandson of Nonconformist ministers. His father, the Rev. John Campbell, a Free Methodist, is now living in retirement near Nottingham; his grandfather was the Rev. James Campbell, a Congregationalist.

Mr. Campbell was born in London in 1867, and, educated privately, at University College, Nottingham, and at Christ Church, Oxford, he is a Graduate in Honours in the School of Modern History and Political Science at Oxford. His style of preaching is totally different from that of Dr. Parker, and has a persuasiveness which led some of Mr. Campbell's friends to urge him to enter political life. Mr. Herbert Gladstone is reported to have said that the eloquent preacher was the only man who could win Brighton for the Liberal party.

Mr. Joseph Henry Shorthouse, who died at Edgbaston on March 4, was essentially a "one-book" author. He had the honour, one that seldom fails to a writer, of seeing one of his works included in a recognised series of classics, but his subsequent novels, with perhaps the exception of "The Little Schoolmaster Mark," are comparatively unknown. "John Inglesant," the romance of the Stuart period which made his name famous, and which is said to have taken him twenty-five years to produce, was issued to the public in 1881, having been previously printed for private circulation, and was at once acclaimed both for its charm and for the depth of thought apparent in it. Mr. Shorthouse, who was a Birmingham man, came of a Quaker family, and after being privately educated, settled in his native city as a manufacturing chemist, carrying on a business in partnership with his brother. In 1857 he married Sarah, daughter of John Scott, a Birmingham accountant.

The late Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, Author of "John Inglesant."



Photo. D'Arcy, Dublin.

MR. J. H. M. CAMPBELL,
New M.P. for the University Division of Dublin.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD MONKSWELL,

New Chairman of the London County Council.

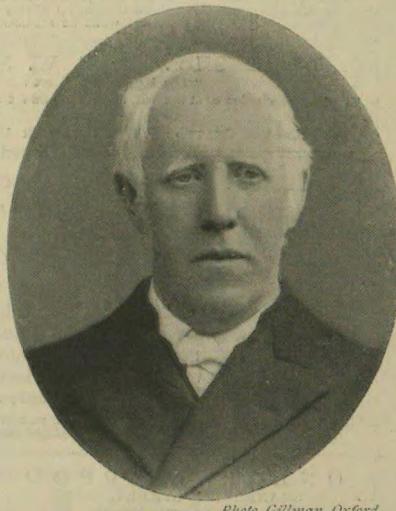


Photo. Gillman, Oxford.
THE REV. W. A. SPOONER,
New Warden of New College, Oxford.

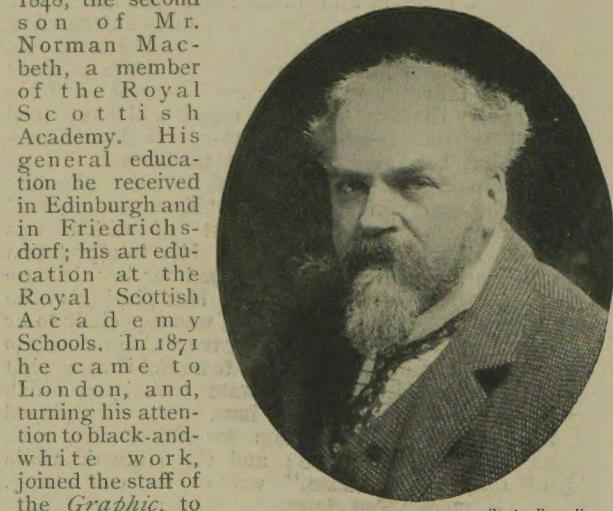


Photo. Russell.
MR. R. W. MACBETH,
New Royal Academician.

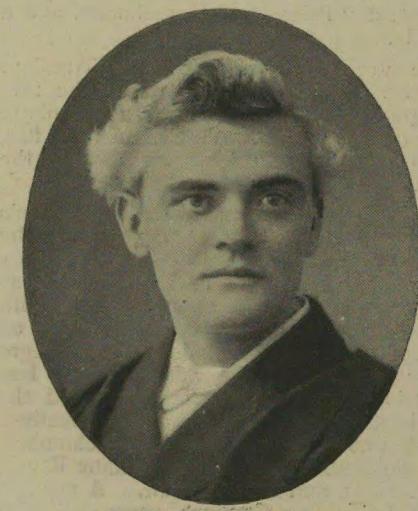


Photo. Pannell and Holden, Brighton.
THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.,
New Pastor of the City Temple.



Photo. Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE LIEUT.-COL. G. F. R. HENDERSON,
Military Historian.

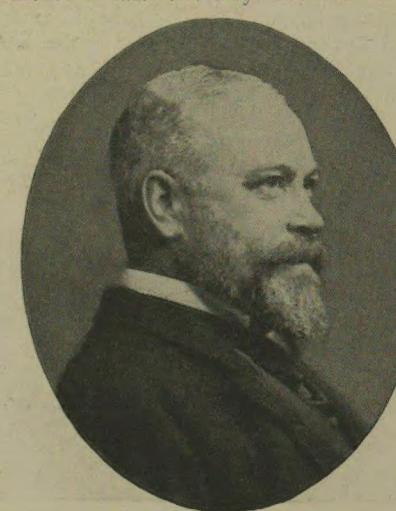


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MR. H. C. LEIGH-BENNETT,
M.P. for the Chertsey Division of Surrey.

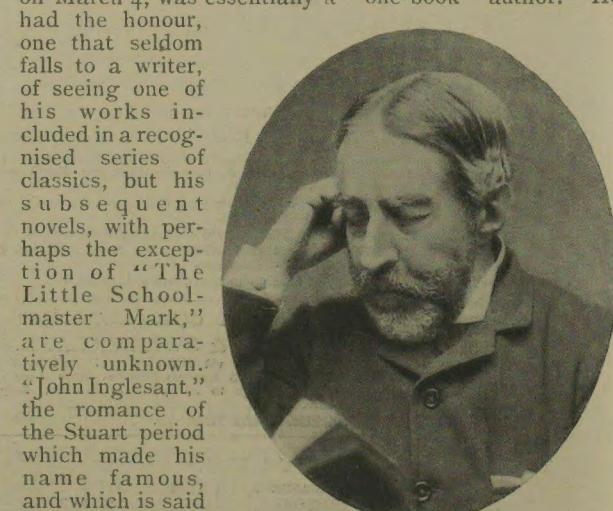
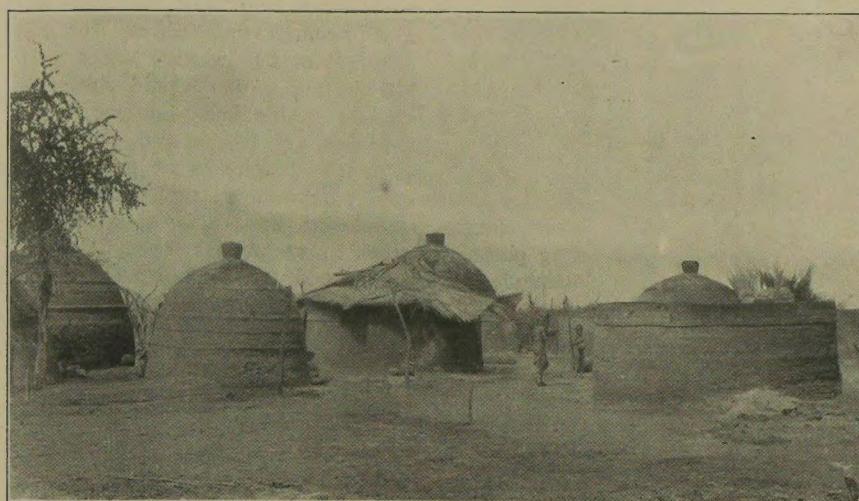


Photo. Collier, Birmingham.
THE LATE MR. J. H. SHORTHOUSE,
Author of "John Inglesant."

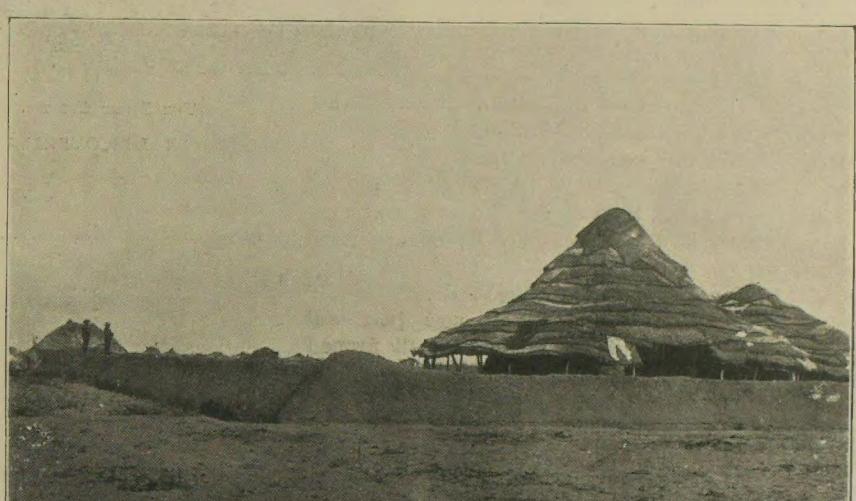
THE OPENING UP OF NIGERIA: THE AREWA ATTACK ON THE SOKOTO BOUNDARY COMMISSION.



SOME ENEMIES OF THE COMMISSION : AREWA CAVALRY AT THE CHARGE.



A STREET IN BEI BEI.



THE FORT AT BEI BEI.



DONKEY TRANSPORT ENTERING AN AREWA TOWN.



AREWA CAVALRY AND INFANTRY.



AREWA IRREGULAR CAVALRY.



AREWA WARRIORS.

The Sokoto Boundary Commission, whose work we outlined in a former number, was engaged during the last week in January in the neighbourhood of Bei Bei with the Arewa tribesmen. At Bei Bei begins the semicircle of a hundred miles round Sokoto, delimiting the Anglo-French frontier. The expedition, with its attendant armed force, left the Niger at Dole, and from that point onwards to Bei Bei traversed a sandy desert region. The natives carry poisoned arrows and wear coats of mail.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW COMMITTEE OF DEFENCE.

The establishment of the Committee of Defence on a permanent footing, a move necessitated by the growing needs of the Empire, was agreed to by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Balfour, on March 5. As at present constituted, the Committee comprises the Prime Minister, the Lord President, the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the First Naval Lord, the Commander-in-Chief, and the heads of the naval and military departments. This, however, is tentative, and if necessary the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Foreign Secretary, "or whoever can contribute in an especial degree to the discussion of the particular matter in hand" will be called into the Council. According to Mr. Balfour the new Committee will be far more ambitious in its scope than the old one, and in place of waiting for the Cabinet to give the lead will continuously watch the strategic and military needs of the Empire.

THE NEW NAVAL BASE.

St. Margaret's Hope, which has been chosen as the new naval base, lies in the Firth of Forth, a little distance to the south-west of Inverkeithing. The fine bay is familiar to passengers who travel north by way of the Forth Bridge, as the line skirts the concave of the harbour. Although the announcement has only just been made, the site was chosen a year ago, and the Admiralty is almost ready to commence work on the foreshore lands which they have purchased. The first works to be constructed will be a dry dock and a repairing-yard, and, in time, the new port will become the headquarters of one of the recently formed home squadrons. There is water enough to float the biggest battle-ship, and a large fleet could find ample accommodation within the harbour, which affords the safest anchorage on the east coast of Scotland. The historical associations of the bay are suggested by its name, which is taken from Margaret, Malcolm Canmore's consort, who did so much for the welfare of the Scottish people. On the fringe of the bay stands an old seat of the Stewarts, Rosyth Castle, which recalls another Scottish Queen, Mary Stuart, who in 1561 visited her kinsmen at the old keep, and the occasion is commemorated by her initials and a coat-of-arms over the gateway. The castle is figured on a low promontory to the extreme right of the first of our two illustrations of St. Margaret's Hope. For

Humber and Aberdeen. As many as two hundred vessels could occupy it at one time. There is deep water all the way up the Forth as far as the bridge, and then vessels of heavy tonnage would find sufficient floating accommodation at the new station, Inverkeithing Bay, which lies within 300 yards of St. Margaret's Hope, has not yet been mentioned as a Government acquisition, but it also presents many advantages as an anchorage. It is a mile wide, two miles long, and only about 200 yards wide at the entrance. According to Sir William Arrol, this bay would be excellent for repairing purposes. Within the last few years batteries have been erected in the

they discovered three stone coffins, one large and two small, and the stem of a Saxon cross. The large coffin is 6 ft. 10 in. long, and the stone throughout is nearly 6 in. thick. The two smaller coffins measure 2 ft. 6 in. and 2 ft. 8 in. respectively. The fragment of the cross is ornamented with an interlacing moulding. The place where these discoveries were made is 16 ft. or 20 ft. beyond the reputed extremity of the Saxon church, and the ground was probably that of a monastic burial-place. It has been suggested that as only wealthy persons could afford stone coffins, the children who were buried in the smaller coffins may have belonged to one of the Kings of Mercia. It is proposed that the fragment of the cross should be placed in the Eastern Chapel of the Cathedral.

THE ARABIAN BOUNDARY QUESTION.

Not many people in England are aware that British troops have been sent to Dthala, in the Aden Hinterland, in connection with the Arabian Boundary question. The town is ninety miles due north of Aden, and this is the first time that a British force has penetrated so far in that direction. At less than two miles' distance, British and Turkish troops have been watching each other, and had collision occurred and resulted unfavourably for us, no fewer than five warlike tribes between Dthala and Aden would have turned upon us. All chance, however, of trouble between our troops and those of the Ottoman Empire is at an end. The

country is wild and mountainous, and water is in some parts scarce. Transport has to be done by camel. The photographs which we publish were taken in the immediate neighbourhood of the disputed territory. The troops now on the spot are the 2nd Royal Dublin Fusiliers, 23rd Bombay Rifles, part of the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers, three companies of the Hampshire Regiment, the Ahmedabad Mountain Battery of the Royal Artillery and a section of a locally formed camel battery, and part of the Aden troops. A British mountain battery will shortly arrive. Thus it will be seen we were not unprepared should force have been resorted to. The opposing Turkish troops were part of the 7th Army Corps, which are scattered throughout Yemen, with headquarters at Sanaa. The Turkish authorities had entirely failed to carry out the engagement undertaken with the British Embassy, and the work of the Boundary Commission in delimiting



THE STONE COFFINS.



THE SAXON CROSS.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES AT PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

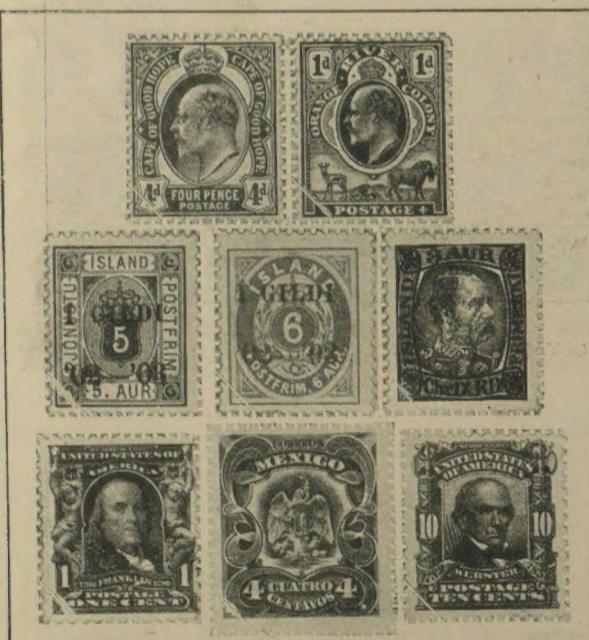
neighbourhood, and there is also an electrical station for the prosecution of torpedo practice.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION.

The Somaliland advance may now be held to have begun. On the morning of March 3, Galkayu Wells, 120 miles inland from Obbia, was occupied by mounted troops, the remainder of the column, under General Manning, following two days later. On the approach of our forces the Mullah immediately retreated to Galadi, about one hundred miles west of Galkayu. There was some fighting between the British troops and the native scouts who hung on the flanks of the advancing column, but all the casualties were confined to the enemy. The Bikanir Camel Corps, which was doing mounted patrol duty, was assisted by the Boer Mounted Infantry, who were said to have done excellent work. When the enemy retreated he would have been followed but for the lack of transport and supplies. Damot, eighty-five miles north-north-east of Galkayu, and about fifty south-east of Bohotle, was occupied by Major Goff on March 4, and a skirmish took place in which the enemy lost three killed and seven wounded. The enemy's total losses in various skirmishes are said to amount to sixty. The advance of the main column under Colonel Fasken is announced as having begun from Obbia on March 6. The monsoon is imminent, and when it begins the base will be transferred from Obbia to Berbera. This will be about April 15. Some ten thousand Abyssinians are co-operating with us against the Mullah.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

It is not surprising to hear that the Sultan, who accepted the Austro-Russian scheme of reform for Macedonia when it was first presented, should now be endeavouring to withhold his assent on the pretext that the disorders prevailing in Macedonia make it impossible at the present moment to give effect to the proposals of the Powers. The Sultan's secretary has been paying frequent visits to the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, and it is surmised that he is endeavouring to obtain the acquiescence of Russia in the postponement of reforms. It is rumoured that the Porte will present a Note to Austria and Russia, but of this nothing official is known. On March 3 a serious encounter took place near Lake Prespa, in the vilayet of Monastir, between twenty insurgents and the Turkish troops. The revolutionaries barricaded themselves into the village church, and held out for the night against the imperial troops. In the morning the latter were reinforced, and the inhabitants of neighbouring Bulgarian villages came to the assistance of the beleaguered band. The Turkish troops, thus caught between two fires, dispersed, and the revolutionaries made good their escape. Similar tactics are now being widely adopted throughout Monastir.



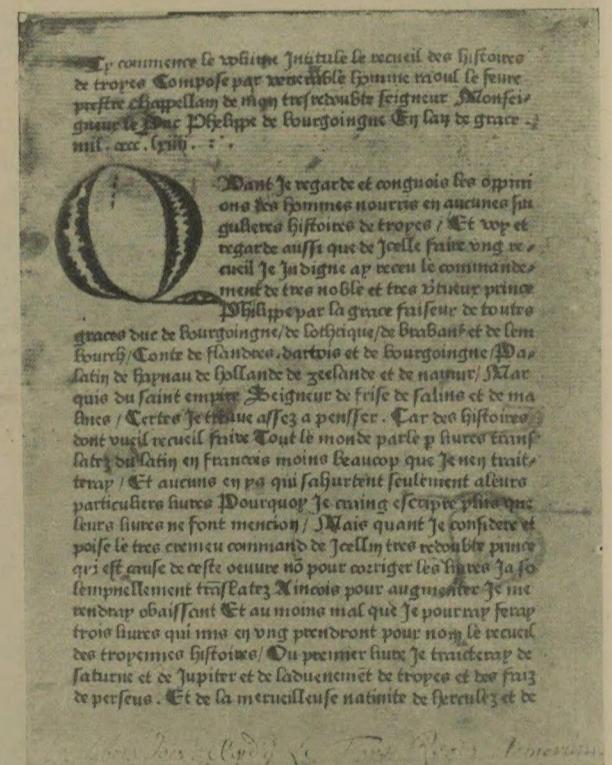
NEW AND NEWLY-SURCHARGED STAMPS.

1. A 1d. King's Head Cape of Good Hope Stamp.
 2. The New 1d. King's Head Orange River Colony Stamp.
 3. The 5-Aur Brown Icelandic Stamp, Surcharged for Official Use until the End of the Year.
 4. The 6-Aur Grey Icelandic Stamp, Surcharged for Public Use until the End of the Year.
 5. The New Icelandic Stamp, with Portrait of the King of Denmark.
 6. The New 1-Cent United States Stamp, with Portrait of Benjamin Franklin.
 7. The New 4-Cent Mexican Stamp.
 8. The New 10-Cent United States Stamp, with Portrait of Webster.
- Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 were supplied to us by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., Ipswich; Nos. 1 and 7 by Messrs. Bright and Son, 164, Strand.*

this, the only naval base in Scotland, the model to be followed on general lines will be Pembroke Dockyard. St. Margaret's Hope is, in the opinion of Sir William Arrol, the only harbour of refuge between the

ANTIQUITIES AT PETERBOROUGH.

Last week, within the Minster precincts of Peterborough, some curious archaeological discoveries were made. While workmen were digging a trench preparatory to the under-pinning of the south wall of the sanctuary,



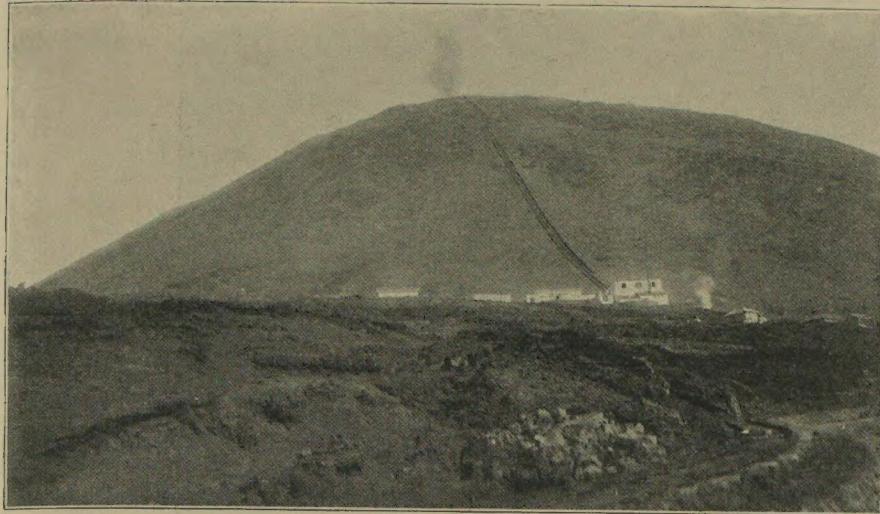
A COSTLY CAXTON: A PAGE FROM THE "HISTORIE OF TROYE," PURCHASED AT GHENT BY MR. QUARITCH FOR £800.

The book in question was the property of Count de Nedonchel. The author was Raoul de Foy. The last copy sold belonged to Lord Ashburnham, and fetched £600. From the copy illustrated seven pages are missing.

the boundary between the Yemen and the Aden Protectorate might have dragged on indefinitely had we not dispatched an armed force to the scene of operations. Last year the Turks promised to withdraw from a small strip of territory in the Dthala Region, but until the appearance of our troops, they showed no disposition to do so. The matter is being carried through by the authorities at Aden, who are directed by the Indian Government.

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS, MARCH 10: SCENES ON THE MOUNTAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.



THE EXISTING FUNICULAR RAILWAY: THE STATION, WITH THE LINE TO THE SUMMIT.

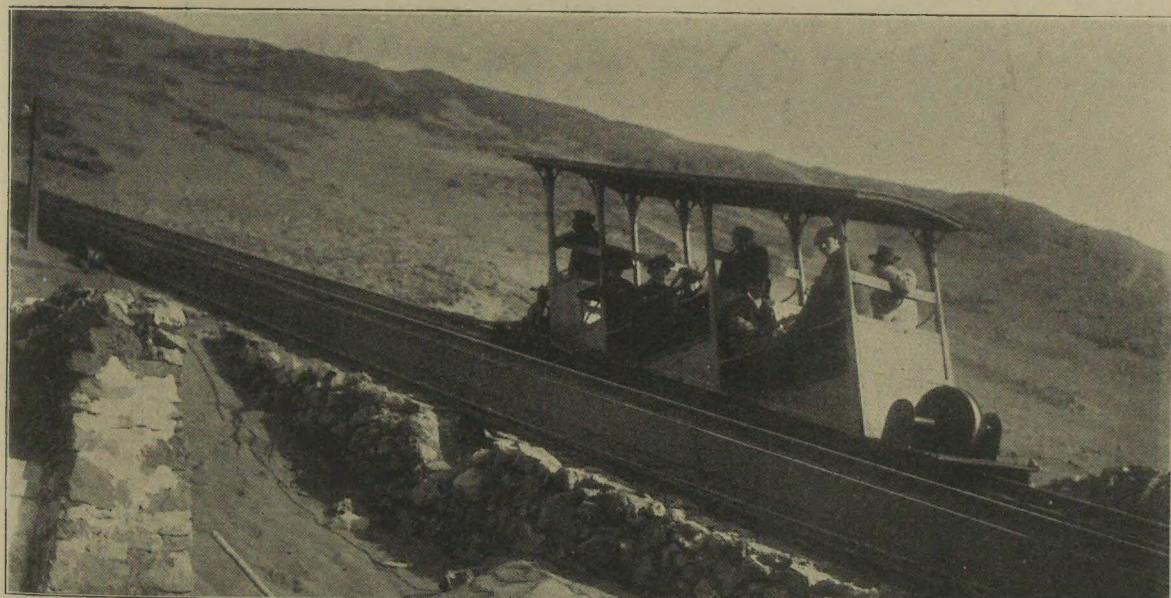
THE INTERIOR OF THE LARGE UPPER CRATER DURING A VIOLENT EXPLOSION.



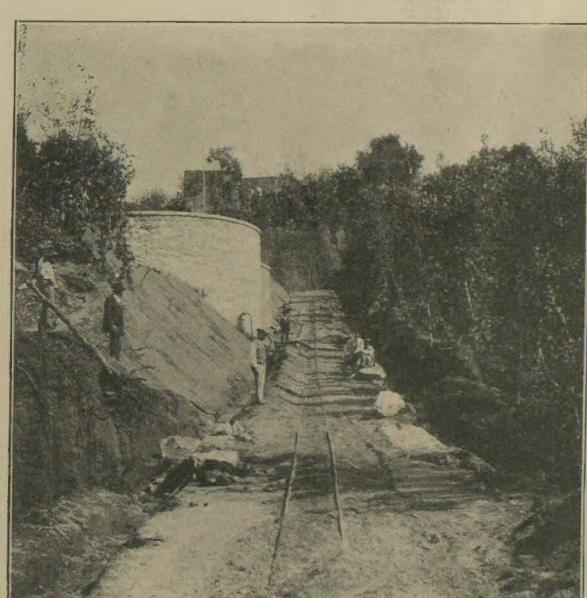
THE WORKS OF THE NEW ELECTRICAL RAILWAY.



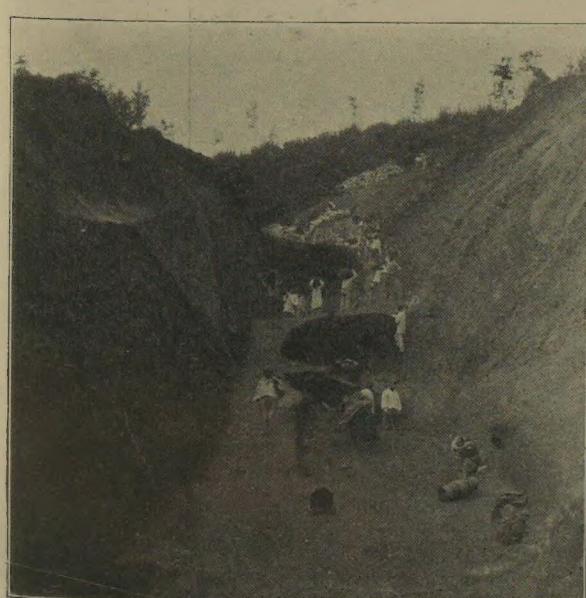
THE GUIDES' SHELTER, HALF-WAY UP THE MOUNTAIN.



THE CAR OF THE FUNICULAR RAILWAY DESCENDING FROM THE CRATER TO THE POINT WHERE IT WILL JOIN THE ELECTRICAL LINE.



THE RESERVOIRS FOR STORING WATER



EXCAVATIONS FOR THE ELECTRICAL RAILWAY.



THE SAN VITO ROAD LEADING TO THE OBSERVATORY.

A violent eruption of Vesuvius began on March 10. Stones and lava were discharged, and loud explosions were accompanied by shocks of earthquake.

THE NAVAL ESTIMATES: TYPES OF BATTLE-SHIPS, NEW AND OLD.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE.

THE "GREAT MICHAEL."



A CONTRAST OF FOUR CENTURIES: TYPES OF THE PROJECTED GREAT SHIPS AND THE SCOTTISH WAR-SHIP "GREAT MICHAEL,"
ONE OF THE FIRST VESSELS BUILT AT ST. MARGARET'S HOPE, THE NEW NAVAL BASE.

The battle-ships will be of no less than 18,000 tons, and will carry twelve big armour-piercing guns, besides many smaller. The cruisers will be of nearly 14,000 tons—which is heavier than most foreign battle-ships—and will carry among other ordnance six 9.2 in. armour-piercing guns. The new battle-ships, being without military tops and ventilator-cowls, will differ considerably in appearance from the general type of British battle-ship. Despite their immense size, they will be swifter and handier than any ships constructed before them. The "Great Michael," which was of some 1500 tons burden, was the monster ship of her day. She was built to compete with Henry the Seventh's "Great Harry," and was to a certain extent an armour-clad, for her sides on the water-line were 10 feet thick. Her career was short, as she foundered on her first sea-trip, and Scotch dreams of sea-power died with her.

AN ARRANGEMENT.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

HER man had brought round the new motor-car, one of those unwieldy "tonneaux" that run so smoothly, but are all the more difficult to drive. She liked steering it herself, in long white-kid Musketeer gloves. She stood pulling them on now, with swift jerks, not ungracefully, at the top of the steps, while her critical glances surveyed the great hideous straw-coloured box.

Her husband came strolling down the street, and across the little, brightly flowering *cour*.

"Well!" he said. "The new motor! Does it give satisfaction?"

She laughed. "You talk like the man from the shop," she said. "Oh, yes; it gives every satisfaction."

"How much did it cost?"

"René! I told you at the time."

"Well, yes: I have forgotten."

"Seventeen thousand francs."

"What a mercy to think it isn't paid for!"

"Why?"

"It would be such a pity to think one had lost seventeen thousand francs for a hideous object like that."

"René, how can you be so unkind about my beautiful machine? It skims through the green trees like a—like a great yellow woodpecker."

"But its noise is even more disagreeable," he answered. However, he spoke vaguely, and the gaze was preoccupied with which he watched a tramcar gliding down the Avenue Henri Martin.

She noticed this. "What are you thinking of?" she

said gaily. "I didn't know you ever thought! A penny for your thoughts!"

"I—I should like to have a few moments' conversation with you, Antoinette, when you come back from your ride. Will that suit you? We are going out to lunch."

"Why not come with me now? I am alone." She pouted a little.

"I thought you were going to take Maurice."

"He has sent a note to say he is indisposed."

"He is often indisposed."

"You—you are never indisposed. Nor I. We can enjoy life. Dieu, how we enjoy it! Come with me this exquisite morning. The acacias are looking their best."

He stood on the steps, hesitating. His eyes rested upon her clear-coloured face behind its white veil, upon her graceful figure in the tawny dust-cloak, that caught a hundred golden reflections from the sun. The cloud swept from his face. He smiled as a man smiles who turns from a dark thought to a bright one.

"There, that is like yourself," she said, watching him.

"We will make a day of it!" he cried. "A jolly day. As you say, the weather is too fine for anything but pleasure. If I am to go in this horrid thing at all, I may as well go far and fast."

"And our luncheon?"

He scribbled a few words on a card. "We are indisposed," he said, laughing. A few moments later they were flying across the Bois.

"Let us go to Le Chastel," he said.

"All that way?"

"Yes, all that way. I want to have luncheon again at the Auberge du Pauvre Pêcheur."

She blushed scarlet, with pleasure and modesty and many other emotions, for it was there he had asked her to be his wife, on the occasion of a picnic, seven years ago.

"And now for your secret," she said, as they spun down towards the village spire of Boulogne.

"What made you think it was a secret?"

"You looked so preoccupied and important. Has it something to do with our plans for the summer?"

He started. "Our plans for the summer? Well, yes, if you like, it has something to do with our plans for the summer. But I can't talk about it here in this flying-machine; and, what's more, I don't want to. I am going to forget all about it until the sun has gone down."

"I suppose, then, it is something unpleasant. I cannot imagine your wanting to talk about anything unpleasant. You are very unlike yourself this morning, René. If you had been like this at the Auberge du Pauvre Pêcheur seven years ago, I should not——"

"Well—what?"

"I should never have ventured to marry you."

"All the better for you," he said almost bitterly. But she did not notice the bitterness. She only laughed.

"What affectation!" she said. "Do you want me to believe that, for me or for you?"

They sped across the bridge to Saint Cloud and up the opposite bank and away into the woods on the summit. Through the lovely glades that rise and fall



"How can you say these things to me? Let me see your face."

towards Meudon and Chaville. The woods were alive with the beauties of a hot May morning: in the fresh, sun-chequered greenness love and hope ran riot amid swift flutter, shrill chirrup, and full-throated song. Happy children were everywhere, hunting for violets: a football arose in the distance where a stretch of pale sward made an opening, dotted by specks of bright scarlet, that swept to and fro in a tumult of cries.

"How delicious!" said Antoinette. "Comme c'est bon!" she said. She said it of everything, all her life long. And of everything, all her life long, until now, it had been true. She had lived through some twenty-seven sunlit summers and well-warmed winters. The grandparents of her orphan childhood had spoilt her as only grandparents can; yet, unspoilt, she had gained the affection of all who came into contact with her. Her face was pretty: her smile was charming: nobody ever contradicted or injured her, so she never was unkind to anybody. Her husband adored her, with facile adoration, and accorded everything she asked.

Towards lunch-time they reached the Auberge du Pauvre Pêcheur. She was in excellent spirits, and the mere sight of the place aroused all her instincts of coquetry.

"After lunch we will fish," she said. "As we did—on that other day. And caught nothing."

"Caught nothing? You caught me!"

"Just now you were pitying me for that."

"Well, one can catch queer fish. A crab, for instance."

"Lunchons!" she replied.

The little inn was one of those uniquely French cottages where you can be supplied at any moment for a franc or two with the best omelette makable and a glass of pure wine. You must try to forget the quality of your cutlets in appreciation of the "pommes soufflées."

"Sauce béarnaise or Soubise?" said the quick, rather grimy little host, who was taking as much interest in these possibilities as Madame herself.

"René, rouse yourself! What has come to you, if you pay no attention to the menu?"

He turned from where he had been standing gazing into the pond, whence the house took its name.

"What is your specialty?" he questioned. "I never knew a cook, however admirable, who had an equal gift for both."

The caterer laughed good-humouredly. "I will attempt of my best," he replied.

"René, you are mepish. In this place of all others! You regret your marriage," she began. But she spoke laughingly, and her expressive countenance was full of pleasant provocation.

He was silent for five seconds. Long as that pause was, her face retained its trustful appeal.

"My marriage?" he answered. "No."

"Then you have lost at the Club."

"I have not played at the Club for months."

"Then you are in want of a tonic. But meanwhile you must be amusing."

"I have come out, for that purpose, a long rush in a dusty, smelly metal box like a lobster-tin."

"Good. Let us quarrel about my recreations."

"A thing that bumps like the trams off rails they run in Genoa."

"You will end by using nothing else."

"And that costs seventeen thousand francs."

"Ah, ça, c'est mesquin!" she cried.

The proprietor himself had brought the omelette. Personally also he presently arrived with two sauce-boats, and deposited these one on each side of the table.

"Monsieur will decide which is the better," he said. Her laughter had rung out to meet him, when he emerged from his laboratory: it rippled behind his back, as he solemnly strutted down the path. It was pretty laughter, of the sort that all men like to hear.

"Come, then, and see," he said to his old wife, peeping behind the window-curtains. "Is there any sight pleasanter than people who love each other?"

"Yes," replied the quick Frenchwoman. "People who make love to each other. As here."

He could not keep away from his guests. Like a schoolboy awaiting the result of an exam, he moved restlessly to and fro. It was a relief when he could take out the dessert.

"You have destroyed," said René to him, "the experience of a lifetime. And we pay our *chef* a hundred and twenty francs a month!"

"It is not a question of money, Monsieur," said the smiling innkeeper.

"True"—he turned to his wife—"Maurice pays two hundred."

"Maurice considers health. No good cook survives that."

"He must change," said René with emphatic meaning. She got up, and they strolled towards the "lake," which is a pond. A big pond with corners and twists and much overhanging lacework of greenery and flowers, a bright sparkle of sunlit water to laze over in a gaily painted punt, while pretending to fish with bits of bread fastened to hookless twine. An easy joke for fishes to understand and appreciate: much up-turning of silver, much flashing and splashing, a whirlpool of fins, flaps, and snaps.

The golden hours slid westward: the sun touched the tops of the trees.

He broke a long silence. "We must be getting back," he said. "Do you know, I have an idea. Let us telegraph, and dine with Maurice."

"But he is unwell."

"On that very account. Are you willing?"

"Of course."

Another long silence of tranquil content. She lay back, her eyes closed. When she opened them he tossed a bit of paper into her lap.

"Read that," he said. It was a letter, anonymous, warning him against Maurice.

She read it through carefully. Then she looked up. "It was this made you thoughtful?" she said, with a touch of scorn.

"No, indeed," he answered eagerly. His brow darkened.

"I wonder who sent it," she continued, looking out into the greenwood, as if the answer were hid behind the trees.

"I do not."

"Because you know?" she exclaimed.

"Because I don't care. What on earth does it matter who sent it? Here, give it me to tear up." She held out the paper to him mechanically: he took it and spread the fragments across the water.

Just before the slow-gliding punt reached the shore, she asked abruptly—

"Why did you show me that?"

"Let me tell you why. Because some day—any time—you will find out about it, and then—"

"Then?"

"I should like you to know I had known all along."

"You speak in the past tense."

"Dear love, in the imperfect."

When he grew epigrammatic he always silenced her. She did not return to the subject until they were jolting—it is called "skimming"—homewards.

"This—about the letter—is the unkindest thing that ever was done to me," she said.

He sighed. "What a little silly speck," he answered, "to stand for the blackest blot. The truth is, Antoinette, you have never in all your existence encountered a *contretemps* worthy the name." He shuddered: she distinctly saw that he shuddered, and half-alarmèd—

"Do you want me to encounter them?" she asked.

"I would give my life to— But I spare you melo-drama... May you be able to bump about all your days in a seventeen-thousand-franc motor-car."

"René, your persistent allusions to the price are in execrable taste."

"I admit it," he answered humbly. "Take the turn to the left."

"I believe you know every foot of 'Seine et Oise.'"

"My attainments are as varied as they are useless. I could not earn a day's dinner with all the things I know."

"Who wants to earn a dinner? You are not a workman. To-day Maurice will give us ours."

And he did, in his luxurious little hôtel of the Rue Pergolèse. It is a pleasant thing to be possessed of much money; it is a far pleasanter thing to know how to spend it. Maurice Waller was a delicate, thoughtful-faced man of five-and-thirty, widely cultured in those arts and graces that shape the useless but agreeable dilettante and connoisseur. Of things that make life more lovely and more enjoyable he knew as much as any man: of such as render men wiser or better he knew nothing at all. Fortunately, he had not been bad at starting, and, without much improvement, could hold his own in a world where courtesy and good-nature were the only virtues you couldn't do without.

He received the young couple in a pink silk Japanese smoking-jacket and thanked them sincerely for coming to cheer, and dissipate, his migraine. "As the sun dispels the mists," he said, with a straight stare of admiration at Madame.

"Give me a glass of that Malaga of yours," answered René. "It wants half-an-hour to dinner." He drank three glasses and threw himself into a chair, with a lot of illustrated papers, narrowly watching the chatter of his wife with Maurice.

"Lucky man!" he reflected. "He makes a couple of hundred thousand francs a year, as sleeping partner, out of some nasty-smelling chemical stuff that he barely knows the name of. And I!" He sighed heavily. Something very like moisture spread across the dark velvet of his innocent eyes.

"René has never done harm to a fly," he heard his wife saying. "All that he asks of life is to be allowed to be happy and good."

"And he is rewarded," replied Waller, "by being fortunate."

"I suppose so. A fairy blessed him in the cradle."

"And an angel at the altar," said Maurice.

The husband dropped the *Revue Illustrée*. They all three burst out laughing, and their host paid no further compliments to either guest.

But he noticed, with refined surprise, that René, though he ate little at dinner, drank more than was usual or natural of his Moët et Chandon Impérial, an excellent but not a light champagne. And also he noticed—how could he do otherwise?—that the most *insouciant* man of his acquaintance was moody and silent in the pauses of his drinks.

"He is going to be ill," he informed himself. "In a day or two we shall hear of something horrid. One always does." And from pure concern he began to speak of his new doctor, a fresh man with a great gift for diagnosis, who always began by telling you openly that you hadn't got what other *Æsculaps* had said. René and Antoinette listened with perfunctory interest: their health was unbroken, and nobody who sat at Waller's table took his complaints quite as seriously as he desired.

René looked up from a long silence on his own part, amid much laughter on that of his companions—

"Waller, can I use your telephone for a moment?"

"Of course, my dear boy. But this lobster soufflé—"

"It is your favourite dish," interposed Antoinette, with a look of real concern.

"There you malign me. No man with a palate has one favourite dish. As well say that a lover of music could have one favourite *morceau*."

"*Morceau* is good," said Antoinette.

He started up and ran downstairs to the little "office," where hung the telephone. He rang impatiently, but had to wait a long time, for the line was occupied, as usual. Up and down the narrow room he tramped, nibbling his nails.

When at last he was able to secure a hearing, he ran to the door and looked out right and left before carefully closing it.

"Hallo! Hallo! I am speaking with Monsieur Pancinski?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Of the Private Inquiry Office?"

"Quite so."

"I am the Vicomte d'Ursigny. I wish for some information."

"It is not our custom, Monsieur le Vicomte, to treat such matters per telephone. You will understand—"

"I perfectly understand. But my information is of the most harmless character. I want no family secrets. I am desirous to know whether the Waller family, the great potash-makers, are of Jewish descent—that is all. At present, of course, they are Protestants. I wish for absolute certainty. Can you obtain it, and guarantee it?"

"Most undoubtedly. We have only to refer—"

"Very well. But I must have it to-night."

"If it were possible to wait till to-morrow?"

"It is not. Quite impossible. To-night within an hour."

"Puisqu'il le faut!"

"Just so. Send round a note to me at No. 7 bis, Rue Pergolèse."

"The residence of Monsieur Maurice Waller?"

"Exactly. Be careful to address it to me personally. You have caught the name correctly? Monsieur d'Ursigny!"

"Without fault. It is not a name to mistake, Monsieur."

He went back to the dining-room. "We have been speaking of you. You have been away an age," cried his wife. "Maurice maintains you are in love. I should have gone and listened at the keyhole."

"Maurice should not speak of things he does not understand," replied René, with an approach to a sneer. He sat down and asked for champagne.

"There is but one sort of love I shall never know," declared Waller, composedly helping himself to "fruits rafraîchis."

"Which kind is that?" curiously questioned Antoinette.

"Do not ask me, Madame."

His tone was significant, and she blushed. But, on that account, perhaps, she plunged recklessly forwards.

"You laugh at wedlock," she said. "The grapes are sour."

"Not so, but they hang beyond my reach."

René caught him up with alacrity. "You are too ill to marry," he said. "You are obliged to be so careful about your health."

The other smiled doubtful assent.

"A wife is fatiguing. She takes you long rides in motor-cars. What is really the matter with you, Maurice? I have always understood it was the chest."

"Nonsense. Certainly not." Waller spoke with considerable warmth.

"Some hereditary tendency? A constitutional taint?"

"René!" exclaimed Antoinette in distress. She motioned away the man who was approaching to refill her husband's glass. She had never known him like this before; never seen him drink than with the greatest moderation; never, during their seven years of matrimony, had occasion to find fault with his tact or his taste.

"A softness of heart is my complaint," responded Maurice, smiling courteously. "Its action, I admit, used to be irregular. That has been cured"—she gazed steadily back at him, her eyes full of laughter—"but the new remedy makes me suffer far more than the old disease."

"The Nauheim treatment?" she retorted, nodding at him. "Massage? Rubbing you up the wrong way? I know. It answers admirably. René, what is in that note? You are very mysterious to-night. I feel that something is going to happen."

René did not reply, for he was carefully perusing the slip of blue office-paper.

No Jewish connection is traceable in the Waller family. The grandfather was a peasant from Rothau, in Alsace. Any further information you may require can be supplied on application.—PANCINSKI.

She made as if she would snatch the paper from him. He leaned back in alarm.

"Secrets!" she cried.

He drew a long breath and looked at her strangely.

"Let us go home," he said suddenly, white to the lips. "I am dead tired."

"But no! Lie down and rest a bit," objected the host; "a cup of coffee and a cigarette will put you all right again."

"Let us go," reiterated René. "What a day! I believe I have been dead tired for hours. Come, Antoinette! Maurice will excuse us. We asked for dinner: he has given us dinner: and we go."

He said nothing in the fiacre which took them the short distance to their house. Nor did she, for she felt perplexed, vaguely troubled, and annoyed with him, as she never had been before. And she slightly drew back when suddenly, without any warning, he caught her to his lips and kissed her repeatedly in the dark silence of the cab.

"May I speak to you at once?" he said, on the landing, with the light full upon them. "At once Short and quick. And have done with it!"

She followed him into the little side drawing-room, her own pink boudoir. "He has got into trouble with some woman," she thought, for, never for a moment, did she imagine the possibility of a ridiculous scene of jealousy to her.

He threw himself into a chair and lay gazing at her, struggling to speak.

"We are utterly, absolutely, hopelessly ruined," he said, with a rush.

"Money!" she exclaimed, and her voice rippled over with easy laughter and scorn.

The tears came into his eyes: she thought he was going to cry.

"Wait till

you had yours. Who could have dreamed that my old uncle de Vérac, the only rich relation I had in the world, an old man past seventy, would suddenly have taken it into his head to marry Mademoiselle Théo and legitimatise his two sons? He had always brought me up to consider myself the heir of his immense fortune. This you know."

"Then what is the use of repeating it?"

"For myself. My own sake. It is my—not justification—but it explains. You know how expensively we have lived these seven years. Your grandfather died, then your grandmother. That helped us a bit. But now every penny is gone."

"Since this morning? I do not understand."

"The crash has come. I borrowed money. The man will not wait. I tried a last desperate coup. I speculated and failed."

"You have heard this to-night?"

"No, this morning. I was coming to tell you. But you looked so charming and contented, on the steps, with your new toy. I could not find it in my heart to disturb you. I—I have allowed myself a last day of happiness."

"You will have many more, René." She spoke soothingly, and came round to him with tea and a soft caress on his forehead. He realised how utterly incapable she was of understanding what had occurred.

"There is always money," she said. "Even for the penniless. Especially for the penniless. Look at the Humberts."

But he drew her into the chair beside him and made her sit down.

"We must talk business," he said.

"I am trying to," she answered. "Of course you can have all my jewels."

"Not I; others will take them. Men will come into this house and take everything—your dresses, your linen." Her face twitched.

"You and I will be turned out naked into the streets of Paris. We have not a relation to help us. We have no expectations. If we live to be ninety we shall never have a chance of owning more than we own to-day."

She was silent, until she said, hesitatingly: "Unless we earn it."

"You will never be able to earn money. Nor shall I."

"You see," he went on hurriedly, "I could easily make beautiful phrases, but I don't. What's the use? If I told you there was the slightest chance of my earning money to support you in comfort, it would sound very fine, but I should lie."

She caught at the word "comfort," but he waved it aside.

"Or discomfort, for the matter of that. And you—you have never known a moment's discomfort. All your life has been unnoted luxury from your first moment to this. It would be easy—oh, very easy—for you to speak of enduring all things with me, easy for me to accept every sacrifice—we will work, we will suffer together! It would mean absolutely nothing. You would not have the slightest conception of what you were saying. But I should be guilty, for I should know I was talking nonsense."

He started up, with an oath: "Why do we chatter?" he exclaimed. "I have thought it all out, recently, for days. If I have wasted everything, ruined us both, it is because of this. Could we have been poor, you and I, we might have begun by remaining well off."

In the presence of his extreme agitation she grew calm. "Tell me what you mean to do," she said. "You have a plan. Tell me about it." She drew him down beside her.

"No," he said; "let me sit over there—I shall talk better." He crossed to the other side of the hearth.

"We have been happy together for seven years," he continued, in the voice of a teacher doing a sum. "All

that is now over. Privation—a garret—hopeless poverty, perhaps for fifty years—these things are out of the question. It were absurd."

"Do you want us to—quit life?" she whispered, awe-struck, but unappreciative.

He laughed at her recoil. "No, indeed; I have better, safer plans for your happiness."

"Ah, I knew you would think of something," she said brightly. "Then why worry me?"

"We cannot live together any longer. There is not the slightest chance that I shall ever be able to support you. So we must separate." His voice was very hard and brazen. His back was turned to her.

"Never!"

"So I said when the thought first presented itself. Anything but that. Of course, until one realises that

"I am—I feel—Look here, he is certainly in love with you: that anyone can see. He is a charming man, exceedingly rich: he is not really ill; that is all affection. He will make you very comfortable—he—he—And I imagine you like him, Antoinette?" His tone was a little anxious, as if he wanted her to say yes and would have liked her to say no.

She did not inquire whom he meant, but frankly, without looking up, she replied, "Yes, I like him best of all your friends."

"He is no friend of mine," he said angrily. "He is one of your Protestant acquaintances." Then, ashamed of this outburst of petulance, "Providence has arranged it should be thus," he said. "It makes good my crime towards you. I cannot put the matter otherwise. You will marry him, and he—he will pay for the motor-car."

"Oh, René, you are unkind!"

"No, dearest. Hush, let there be no emotion. Shall we kill ourselves—together—to-night?"

"Oh, not that—it would be wicked."

"Shall I try to get—work? Perhaps I may succeed in time! May earn, if I'm lucky, as much as we now pay the cook!"

"But you—what will become of you?"

He looked her straight in the eyes, and, deliberately—

"As soon as I am free I shall marry an heiress," he said.

The blast froze her, as he intended it should. "Perhaps you have already a candidate?" she stammered. He did not answer, nor could he have commanded his voice.

Hers had altered when she continued—

"After all there must be reasons for a divorce."

"There can be no difficulty about that when both parties are agreed—to find reasons."

"But my name! My reputation!"

"Shall be untouched. Never mind about mine."

"But I do mind."

"You need not. As the world goes, no scandal of the kind can hurt a man's reputation."

"René!"

"What is it?"

"René! O h, René!"

He pushed his chair farther back. She had risen and stood with hands outstretched.

"If there were any hope, however feeble," he said. "Any chance of change in the future. If—if—"

"Yes," she said.

"Yes." "If, at least—oh, my God!—you were of the sort that can suffer—"

She was silent.

"There are such women!"

"Not to-night," she said. "I am amazed and frightened. You must give me time to think."

Then he, too, got up and kissed her hand.

"Good-night," he said.

"Sleep, if you can. Believe me, it will all come right. You will be very happy."

He sat far into the night. The whole house was silent. The electric light burned motionless. He sat staring straight in front of him, smoking cigarette after cigarette.

Two years later, on a splendid sun-enfolded April morning, in the gardens of his exquisite Villa Antoinette at Cannes, Maurice Waller found his wife, on the terrace that sweeps round by the water, in a framework of palm-trees and orange-blossom. In his hand he held a copy of the *Figaro*.

"Have you seen that the two children of Monsieur de Vérac are both dead, within three days, of diphtheria?" he asked.

"Yes, I have seen it," she answered, her eyes upon the glitter of the water.

"The old man is now childless."

"Yes, he is childless."

THE END.



"Yes, he is childless."

it is the only thing possible. There is absolutely no choice."

"Where could I go and live? With whom? I have no one to go to."

"We must separate legally. We must be divorced. Luckily for you, you are a Protestant: the thing is therefore quite feasible. For a woman of your upbringing, your environment, there is no existence possible but marriage. You are still young and handsome. You will marry again."

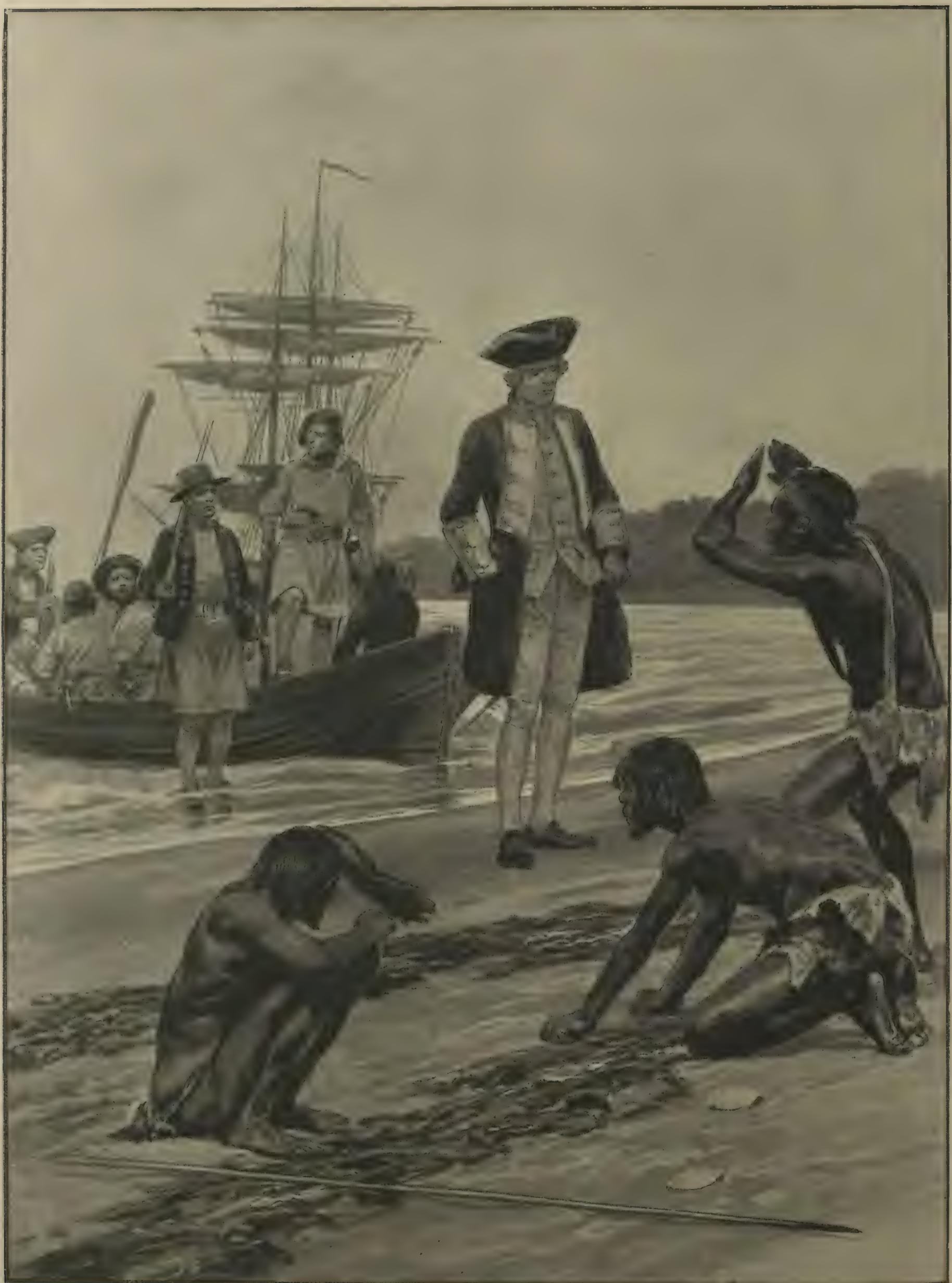
"How can you say these things to me? Let me see your face."

He came now and sat down quietly opposite her. "It is no sudden impulse: for several days I have been compelling myself to reason it out. It is absurd until you look at the other side—the other future—then, at once, it becomes sensible and wise. There is nothing else before you: you are penniless. A ridiculous suicide or this!"

She sat silent, looking down at the point of her—exquisite little—shoe.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XI.: TASMANIA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

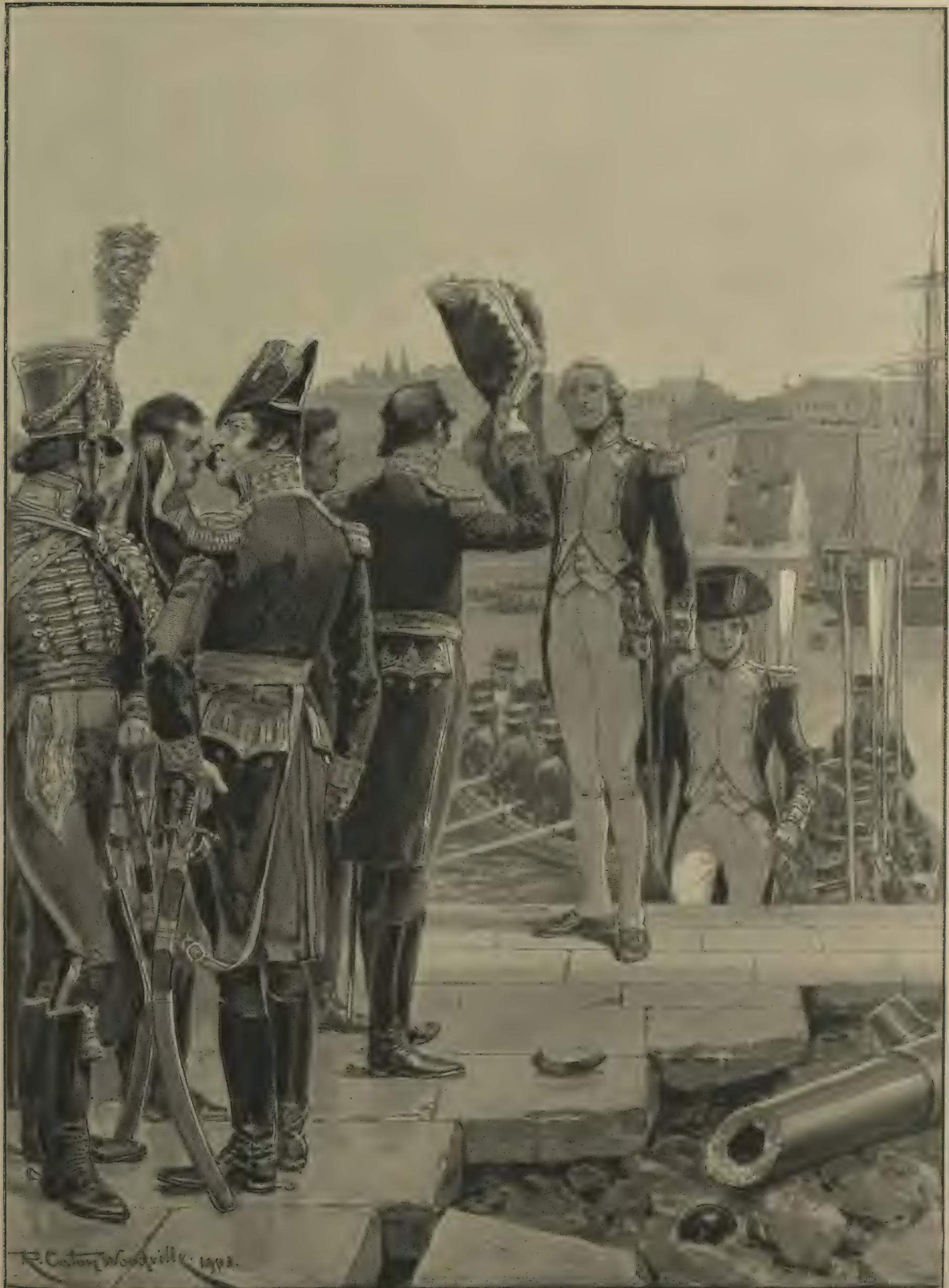


CAPTAIN COOK LANDING AT ADVENTURE BAY, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND, IN 1770.

In November 1770, Captain Cook in the "Resolution," accompanied by the "Discovery," sailed from Cape Town on a cruise among the islands of the South Pacific. On landing at Adventure Bay, Van Diemen's Land, now Tasmania, the navigators were received with awe by the lowest class of the Australian aborigines.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XII.: MALTA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE SURRENDER OF MALTA TO THE BRITISH AFTER A TWO YEARS' SIEGE, SEPTEMBER 4, 1800.

Malta was held by the Knights of St. John from 1530 to 1798. In the latter year, Napoleon Buonaparte made himself master of the place, and left Vaubois in charge. In three months the Maltese revolted, and, with the assistance of Portugal, Naples, and a small British force, besieged Vaubois in Valletta for two years. On September 4, 1800, the French surrendered, and the Maltese put themselves under the protection of Great Britain.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son.* By G. H. Lorimer. (London: Methuen, 6s.)
Souls. By "Rita." (London: Hutchinson, 6s.)
A Naturalist in Indian Seas. By A. Alcock, M.B. (London: Murray, 18s)
The Booke of Thenseignement and Techyng that the Knighe of the Towre made to his Daughters. By the Chevalier Geoffroy de la Tour Landry. Edited, with Notes and a Glossary, by Gertrude Buiford Rawlings. (London: Newnes, 7s. 6d.)
F. C. G.'s Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1902. By F. Carruthers Gould. (London: Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.)
Human Personality. By Frederic W. H. Myers. Two vols. (London: Longmans, Green, 42s.)

Mr. Lorimer's book is not, as its title might seem to imply, modelled on Dr. Smiles's "Self Help." Nor is it in the style of Mr. Carnegie's familiar addresses to young men beginning life. The self-made merchant, Mr. John Graham, is a pork-packer of Chicago, and his son is a college youth who enters the paternal business. The Letters contain many reflections on the art of getting on, as it is understood in America; but Mr. Graham's chief object is to tell his son a number of amusing anecdotes in the manner of well-known American humorists. We are reminded of Max Adeler by the story of the itinerant quack who sold a liquid called the "Priceless Boon," and, having poured a few drops down the throat of a crying urchin, professed to extract therefrom a button-hook as the cause of tears. We are reminded of Josh Billings by Mr. Graham's sententious aphorisms. Minus his eccentric spelling, this is the philosophy of Josh: "Adam invented all the different ways in which a young man can make a fool of himself, and the college yell at the end of them is just a frill that doesn't change essentials." To the English reader this is not very lucid, and to the American reader it must seem "old time" and "way back."

"Rita" heralds her story with a solemn preface on the corruption of "smart" society. It is her mission to expose it in all its naked hideousness. With this appetiser the reader will start hopefully on the adventures of Zara Eberhardt, the beautiful and innocent German maiden who falls into the toils of the wicked Mrs. Vanderdecken and the decadent Lord Christopher, author of the "White, White Moth," a song which, as we learn from a footnote, is "copyright." Unluckily, Mrs. Vanderdecken and Lord Christopher, and the rest of the "Souls," and the beautiful Zara herself, together with her champion, the impecunious but virtuous Irish barrister, are all equally dull. No doubt "Rita" is admirably qualified to expose "smart" society; but the exposure is not readable, and much of it is so crude that it might have come from a 'prentice hand, and not from the author of so many masterpieces.

It is not too much to say of "A Naturalist in Indian Seas" that it raises a corner of the curtain which heretofore has hidden a new world from us. Dr. Alcock was appointed surgeon-naturalist to the Indian Marine Survey ship *Investigator* in 1888, and his singularly interesting book is the outcome of four years spent in searching the ocean-floor with the deep-sea trawl and in wanderings on the beaches of rarely visited islets in the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. Little is known of the strange forms of fish and crustacean life which inhabit the deep waters; and inasmuch as fishes framed to withstand the enormous pressure of great depths practically crumble to pieces when brought to the surface, their study is handicapped by peculiar difficulties. Concerning their life-habits, it seems improbable that we shall ever be able to learn much; and Dr. Alcock's book owes its charm less perhaps to the actual facts he has collected than to their suggestive character. The "abyssal" fishes furnish in their own persons abundant food for conjecture to the speculative naturalist. There being no equivalent for plant life on the sea-floor, these fishes must prey upon one another. At a depth of 3000 ft. the last trace of light vanishes, giving place to darkness, absolute, impenetrable; but the deep-sea fishes themselves, being very generally furnished with luminous (phosphorescent) organs of their own, illuminate their gloomy world somewhat after the manner of fireflies and glow-worms. A singular fact to be observed in this connection is that, while some of the "abyssal" fishes have eyes comparable, in their degree, to those of owls and other night birds, many species "have the eyes reduced to hidden and useless rudiments." The use of phosphorescent light to a predatory fish which can see is as obvious as the utility of the same to a blind fish is mysterious and obscure. Dr. Alcock's labours have brought to light numberless curiosities of fish and crab life; the very numerous and excellent illustrations afford us a clear idea of some of these "jabberwocky animals," as the author calls them; and they help out descriptions which have been penned for the majority of readers who combine ignorance of scientific language with an intelligent interest in the wonders of nature.

We welcome a tastefully got-up reprint of the more material part of a popular mediæval work written in French in the fourteenth century, and translated into English by Caxton, by whom it was also printed in the first year of Richard III. It was composed by the Knight Geoffroy de la Tour Landry after the death of his wife for the benefit of his little daughters, that they might not only learn how to read, but how to conduct themselves becomingly as they grew up. The task of translating it was recommended

to Caxton by a noble lady, who, he said, had many fair daughters, "virtuously nourished and learned," and Caxton considers that by setting him to the work she has earned the gratitude of "all the gentilwymen now lyuyng & herafter to come or shal-be." We must excuse the grammar, as the worthy printer himself was quite aware that he was only master of the "broad and rude English" of his native district, the Weald of Kent. Nor are we quite sure that the ladies of the twentieth century will value the book as "a special doctrine & techyng, by which al yong gentyl wymen specially may lerne how to bihaue them self vertuously, as wel in their vrygynete as in their wedlock & wedowhede." Nevertheless, they should

expounded the whole matter. "The man of law made merry at my bewilderment, saying that he believed of a surety the slate and the tabernacle were metaphors, and could neither be written upon nor cleaned, nor dwelt in. Then he showed me what manner of thing a metaphor is." It is, we learn, a sort of verbal boomerang which returns with sore effect upon the shins of the thrower, as exemplified in sporting pictures of Sir Cawmell and the Earl of Durdans. The close of the South African War and the King's Coronation are recalled in picture and story, but the most dryly humorous chapter in the book is "The Journey of Sir Dickon Seddon." Quotation would only spoil the entertainment of a work which can be most heartily commended to readers of every shade of political opinion, or of none.

The late Frederic Myers was at once a distinguished scholar and one of the most brilliant and daring thinkers of his time. He devoted his life to the study of psychical phenomena, was a member of the society organised to promote psychical research, and never allow the imposition and trickery sometimes associated with popular manifestations of unknown power to turn his faith from the truths underlying them. As he advanced in years, Mr. Myers felt that the time had come to systematise his observations as far as was possible, and in his two-volumed work, "Human Personality, and its Survival of Bodily Death," he has left the most important contribution yet made to the literature of psychological science. Before he wrote, scientific men had erected a barrier between themselves and the matters to the investigation of which he devoted his life; and though Lord Rayleigh, Sir William Crookes, and Professor Lodge have publicly testified to a limited belief in the possibility of systematising and classifying certain manifestations of undeveloped human power, it has been left to Frederic Myers to take the first great step to break down the barrier and lead scientific men to the confines of a world whose marvels must seem greater to us than the twentieth-century equipment of science would have seemed to Roger Bacon.

For a task the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, the late Frederic Myers was singularly fitted. He possessed the gift of style, a generous measure of culture, the faculty of scientific analysis, without which no mind can be considered to be in the first class, and a patient enthusiasm no obstacles could overcome. While it is impossible to give detailed notice of his posthumous work within reasonable limits, we may remark that the author deals with the mind in relation to trance, second sight, genius, witchcraft, hysteria, dreams, and other phenomena of which our present knowledge is inconsiderable. He recognises the accepted limits of human understanding, while suggesting that they are capable of infinite expansion, and he associates the many half-understood mental states that produce martyrs, prophets, and saints, and men of genius with the "subliminal consciousness"—a storehouse of impressions that are seldom used and never destroyed, a secret place where the soul has its being, a form of consciousness that survives bodily death and is capable of responding to suggestion under certain conditions and communicating it to others "when the bands of the body are breaking, and all comes in sight." To the development of this "subliminal consciousness," to some aspect of its working, be believed that the world owes Socrates, Shakspere, Joan of Arc, Raphael; through it, human life and health and habit can be affected indefinitely.

It would be unreasonable, and, indeed, presumptuous, to declare that Mr. Myers has made out a case that must give fresh direction to the main current of human thought and emotion. He himself wrote in most modest terms of his undertaking, claiming nothing more than an attempt to co-ordinate the knowledge now at the disposal of the S.P.R. in clear and intelligible form. Most people of unbiased understanding will admit that he has done more than this, that "Human Personality" is a book that must stimulate and encourage all workers in the fields of knowledge where mental conditions, that have been comparatively ignored hitherto, await investigation.

Disintegration of personality, hypnotism, sensory and motor-automatism, trance, ecstasy, and possession are little more than vague and unreliable phenomena to us at present; to Frederic Myers they were expressions of the subliminal consciousness capable of systematic arrangement. In his survey of life as we know it throughout the ages that are not lost in the mists of time, he saw how the human mind has been attracted to matters that spirit or religion of the later years bade it ignore. He saw that no attempt had been made

to apply scientific principles of observation to matters of an absorbing interest, or that, if it had been made, all record had been lost. From long years of labour undertaken to show that in the unexplored depths of human personality there are "indications of life and faculty not limited to a planetary existence or this material world" he emerged full of reverence, faith, and hope—reverence for great men who have gone before, faith in much against which the modern sceptic revolts, and hope borne of his faith in "the inconceivable oneness of souls." Without honour from the world at large, Frederic Myers has left it an invaluable legacy, capable of infinite development. May we not say of him, modifying the last verse of the Book of Proverbs: "Give him the fruit of his hands and let his own works praise him in the gates?"



"A GOOD MANY SALESMEN HAVE AN IDEA THAT BUYERS ARE ONLY INTERESTED IN FUNNY STORIES."

Reproduced from "Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to his Son," by permission of Messrs. Methuen.

read, not without real interest, what was expected of ladies in these three conditions of life in the days when chivalry was beginning to draw up educational maxims for both sexes. The ideal of female training, it must be confessed, is not in all respects a high one. Meekness, docility, and obedience are the great virtues insisted on, and instances are given of ladies who lost valuable marriages for the lack of them; while on the other hand, a woman is actually commended for jumping on a table and upsetting all the viands at the supposed command of her husband. She really mistook the words he uttered, "Sail surtable," which were only to say that there was no salt on the table; but the proof she had given of her obedient spirit was considered beyond all praise. There is also a good deal about luxury and ostentation in dress; yet a severe example is made of a woman that would not wear her best clothes on Sundays.

When, a year ago, Mr. F. Carruthers Gould described recent political happenings in the manner of Froissart,



SIR JOHN FROISSART CONVERSETH ON THE WAY WITH AUGUSTINE DE BIRRELL.

Reproduced from "F. C. G.'s Froissart, 1902," by permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

there was not one of his readers but wished him to continue the chronicle. This, accordingly, has been done, and the doings of 1902 are to be found fairly set forth in serio-comic guise with the author's inimitable illustrations. So excellently informed is the modern Froissart that, besides amusement, the reader obtains from these pages an admirable synopsis of British history, as the last twelvemonth has written it. The struggles of the Blues and the Buffs and the subsidiary contentions of Sir Cawmell de Bannerman and the Earl of Durdans are focussed with admirable sharpness. The doctrines of the clean slate and the tabernacle so mazed Sir John that we might have had only an obscure record of these. By good fortune, however, the knight fell in with a master of dialectic, a counsellor named Augustine de Birrell, who with exquisite subtlety

THE BALKAN TROUBLE: SCENES IN THE DISAFFECTED DISTRICTS.

DRAWN BY JOHN SCHÖNBERG.



1. MISLEADING A CORRESPONDENT: A MACEDONIAN GUIDE SHOWING THE SCENE OF A SUPPOSED ATROCITY.
3. BULGARIAN BANDS REQUISITIONING PROVISIONS FROM THE PEASANTS.

2. THE ACTUAL ATROCITY: A DOMESTIC PIG-KILLING.
4. A TURKISH SENTINEL AT A FRONTIER WATCH-HOUSE.

5. TURKISH ZAPTEHS SEARCHING FOR CONTRABAND OF WAR IN A PEASANT'S WAGON.

THE SOMALILAND EXPEDITION: SCENES IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BERBERA.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD FROM SKETCHES BY C. T. DAVIS.



1. THE TOWN OF BERBERA, AS SEEN FROM H.M.S. "HARDINGE."

2. SOMALI BOATMEN.

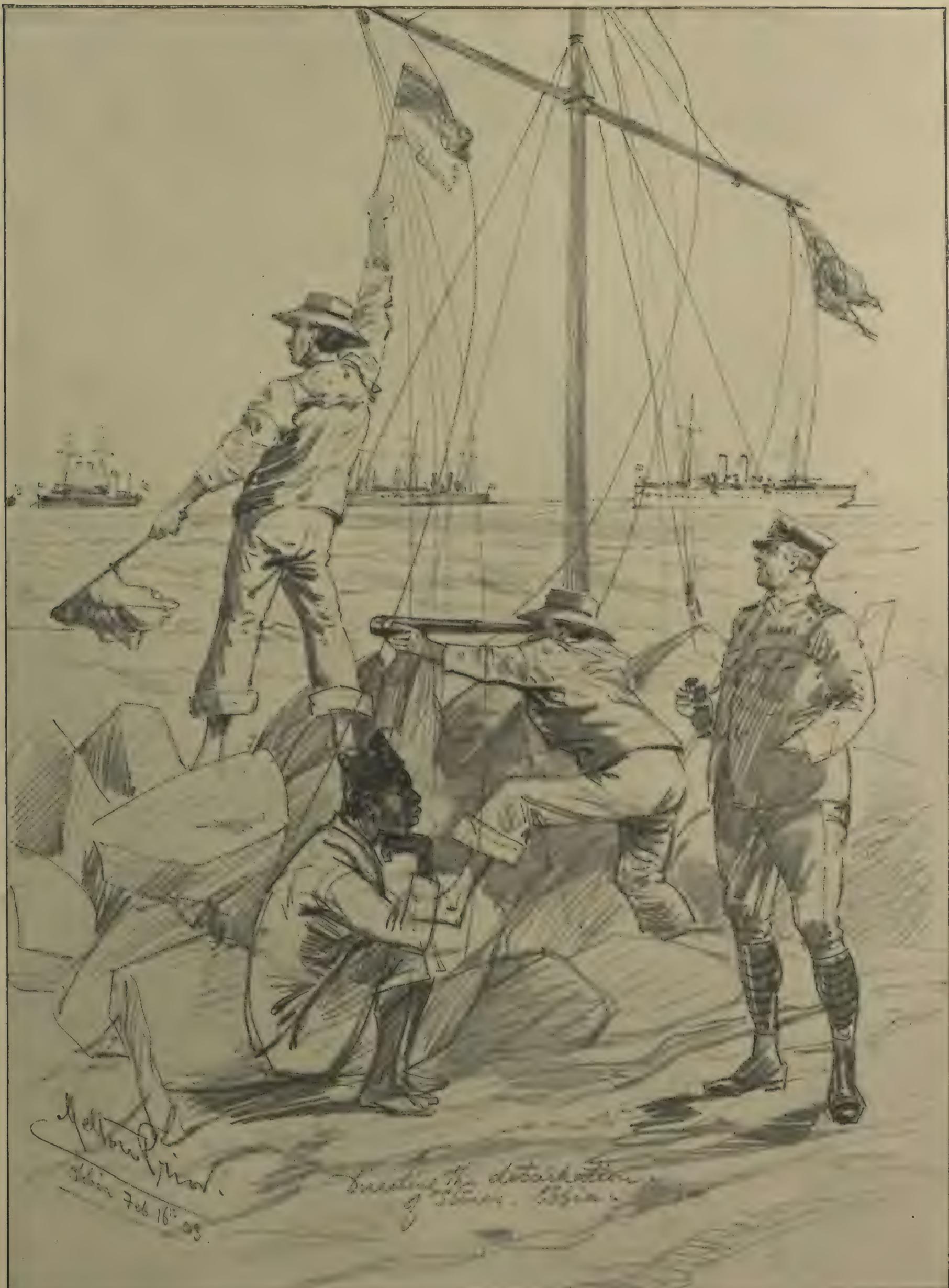
3. UPPER SHEIKH FROM THE NORTH-EAST, SHOWING THE CAMP OF THE 7TH BOMBAY PIONEERS, WITH A LOOK-OUT TOWER, AND ON THE RIGHT A SOMALI MOSQUE.

4. A SOMALI BOATMAN ON BOARD A DHOW.

5. THE RESIDENCY, BERBERA.

THE SOMALILAND ADVANCE: THE BRITISH LANDING AT OBBIA.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.



DIRECTING THE DEBARKATION OF STORES: A SIGNAL PARTY AT WORK.

"The difficult and hazardous task," writes Mr. Melton Prior, "of landing stores and animals is superintended by Captain Hudleston, who appears on the right of the sketch with glasses in hand. Just above him, in the offing, is the I.M.S. 'Hardinge,' which is commanded by Captain G. J. Baugh."



THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN SOMALILAND: LANDING STORES AT OBBIA; BOERS AND BRITONS WORKING TOGETHER.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE EXPEDITION.

One of the most striking features of the landing at Obbia was the sight of the members of the Boer contingent working side by side with the British soldiers in the handling of stores. Obbia, our temporary base, is dreary enough. The only buildings are three tumbledown houses and a few wretched native huts. Obbia is in Italian territory, and the British military operations there are carried on by the courtesy of the Italian Government.

THE NEW NAVAL BASE: ST. MARGARET'S HOPE, IN THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY AND H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY W. A. DONNELLY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SCOTLAND.



St. Margaret's Hope.

ST. MARGARET'S HOPE, FROM THE NORTH BANK OF THE FIRTH OF FORTH.

Position of Forth Bridge.

Training-Ship.

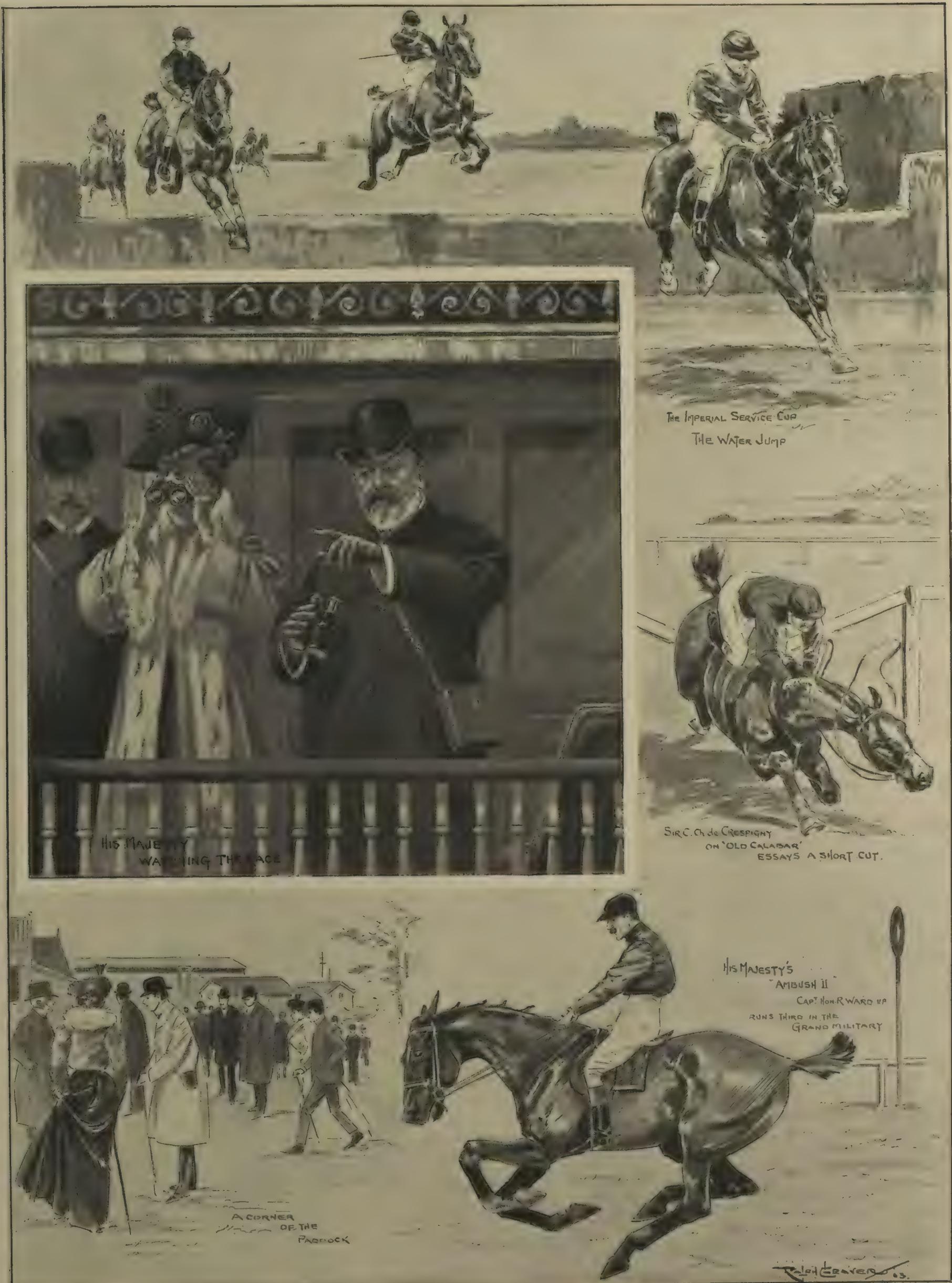


ST. MARGARET'S HOPE, LOOKING EAST, TOWARDS THE FORTH BRIDGE.

St. Margaret's Hope, where Malcolm Canmore's Queen landed in Scotland, is considered one of the safest anchorages on the East Coast. It lies a little way west of the Forth Bridge, and has long been the station of the Forth guard-ship and a training-ship. A dry dock and a repairing-yard will be constructed at the base. The Fifeshire coalfields are within easy distance.

THE GRAND MILITARY GOLD CUP MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK, MARCH 6.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT SANDOWN PARK.



THE KING'S VISIT. SCENES IN THE PADDOCK AND ON THE COURSE.

The Grand Military Gold Cup was won by Major Eustace Loder's Marpessa, which was ridden by Major Hugh Onslow. His Majesty and the Prince of Wales attended the meeting.



HARDABA CAMP IN THE KOTABI COUNTRY.
THE CAMP AT NOBAT, AS SEEN FROM THE DHAR.

EL KABAR VILLAGE.

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS ENTERING THE AR RABBATH PASS.
A POLITICAL OFFICER INTERVIEWING ARDALI CHIEFS.

In connection with the Arabian Boundary question, British troops have been sent to Dthala, ninety miles due north of Aden. This is the first occasion on which our forces have penetrated so far north of Aden. The British and Turkish forces are watching each other at a distance of two miles. The country is wild and mountainous, and transport has to be done by camels. The regiments represented in the expedition are the 2nd Dublin Fusiliers, the 23rd Bombay Rifles, the 2nd Bombay Grenadiers, the Hampshire Regiment, the Ahmedabad Mountain Battery and some native levies.

LADIES' PAGES.

The abolition of barmaids is occupying a good deal of attention just now, but under the present conditions of the labour market one is inclined to hesitate before engaging in such a sweeping reform. Women are never seen in the bars in America, and there are some who claim this to be partly on account of the self-respect of the men, who do not like a woman to see them at a disadvantage. Serving behind bars is very unsuitable work for young girls, but perhaps it would be wiser at present to seek to improve the conditions of their labour than to take away the work altogether. A hospital-nurse who was lately called in to attend a patient at a public-house gave a sad account of the life of the senior barmaid. She was taken ill while the nurse was in the building, and her illness was undoubtedly caused by overwork. She had to open the house at six, and her duties were so arranged that she only had six hours' sleep. She had two hours off duty in the morning; the house closed at eleven, but then it took her almost till twelve to put things in order. No health could stand the strain of such incessant work; exhaustion is bound to follow, and the temptation to stimulants must be great.

Descriptions of Court dresses are apt to make very dull reading; only an eye-witness can realise anything like the brilliancy of the scene when all the fine toilettes are gathered together at the Palace. The dresses designed for the March Courts are unusually ornate, and a wonderful variety of effect is produced within the limit allowed. As one looks at these graceful and gracious women arrayed in every imaginable colour and style, it is difficult to credit that their toilettes are guided by fixed rules, and that they all wear a certain style of bodice and a train of regulation length. Great is the ingenuity of the feminine mind. Men may lay down laws for women, who will appear to obey them, but if you dress a hundred ladies in a certain regulation fashion, each one of them will wear her robes with a difference. A woman has her style as a flower has its scent, and she can never look exactly like her sister flower, even though it were ruled that every leaf and petal should be the same. Nurses in their regulation costume look wonderfully different from one another, and it is very noticeable how some of the Court ladies stand out from the crowd by reason of their individuality. The *couturiers* are also very ingenious in introducing the fashions of the moment into a toilette that must be made on rigid lines; and the Court dresses of one year, though consisting of the orthodox "petticoat" and train, could never by any possibility be mistaken for the dress of another season. The pointed "Court bodice" will be worn at the Palace this month, but it is scarcely recognisable under the pouch of lace or chiffon which



AN UP-TO-DATE DRESS.

gives it the fashionable appearance. Long sleeves are not correct in Drawing-Room dress, but we have been wearing such masses of drapery at the elbow all the winter that a change to the tiny armlet usual with Court dress would appear much too abrupt. The dress-makers get over this difficulty very cleverly by draping the upper part of the arm partially with lace, and even allowing a certain amount of the drapery to fall carelessly from the elbow, while permitting the front of the arm to be seen. Artificial flowers are very little used; sequins, passementeries, and beautiful embroideries are the rule, together with the long sweeping tassels and glittering bead fringes which add grace to many of the costumes. Imitation flowers are not altogether banished from the toilettes, but they are more often made of painted velvet or chiffon than of the orthodox silk. The velvet appliquéd flowers are a charming novelty. They are painted on the wrong side of the material, so that the effects of colour are of almost unimaginable delicacy. The leaves are flat, the petals being sometimes slightly raised. These sprays are perfect works of art, and I hear they are generally executed by ladies who have made some little reputation as flower-painters. A beautiful example of this trimming may be described as follows: a dress of the palest pink silk, veiled with white accordion-pleated chiffon, and a train of cream lace embroidered in crystal and lined with pink chiffon and trimmed with a border of pink velvet tulips with their grey-green leaves in the style just described. The elaborateness of the majority of the dresses cannot be exaggerated: Pelion is piled on Ossa. Exquisite old lace is veiled with chiffon, or sequin-spangled tulle drapes a costume of satin and embroidery. Transparent effects are preferred, both in dresses and trains, the rich velvets and rare brocades of old Drawing-Rooms being superseded by glitter and gauze. One particularly beautiful dress is in white satin broché, embroidered at the edge with the Greek key pattern in gold, and veiled in gold-spangled net. The skirt is opened up the centre to reveal a petticoat of puffed chiffon and gold embroidery. Many costumes are made entirely of gauged chiffon with lace trains. A costume designed for a lady of the German Embassy is in cream tulle embroidered all over with gold and silver corn, the train being of gold and ivory satin brocade. Another beautiful dress is in black chiffon, the train of miroir velvet handsomely trimmed with jet. Flowers form an important feature of a Court dress: when a lady enters the Throne Room her tiara and her bouquet are the two things which are most remarked. Tiaras are of all possible descriptions at present, some of the newest being made to resemble the antennae of a butterfly, with large diamonds glittering at the top of long, quivering stems. Some of the prettiest bouquets are tied up with such airy fabrics as chiffon or tulle. This pretty fashion was set recently by a graceful widow-bride, the Countess de l'Isle and Dudley, who on her wedding day carried lilies-of-the-valley tied up with streamers of grey tulle. Ribbons are still

[Continued on page 404.]

A SHORT SERMON TO STOUT READERS.

Our Text. Since the first mention in the Press of the marvellous successes achieved by the famous "Russell" treatment for the permanent cure of corpulence, we have every reason to know that many hundreds of our stout friends have had recourse to this matchless system of regaining their youthful elegance of figure, together with renewed health, strength, and vitality. Let the almost unheeded - for benefits they have received be the text of this little sermon to others amongst its readers whose stoutness may happen to cause them discomfort and alarm, if not positive ill-health. Amongst the thousands of readers of daily and weekly papers there must undoubtedly be many more who are desirous of a return to the symmetry of their earlier years.

A Heaven-sent Blessing. To such as these the "Russell" treatment will come as a heaven-sent blessing; for, once the normal weight and dimensions are brought about by a reasonable course of the "cure," the treatment may be discontinued forthwith, and the patient, with ordinary care and prudence, need be under no fear of a relapse into the corpulent habit. It is this almost absolute certainty of a permanent return to health and natural proportions that has been the cause of the immense success of the treatment discovered by Mr. F. Cecil Russell some two decades ago. This is an indisputable fact, supported by thousands of private letters received from grateful patients who have been permanently benefited by his treatment. Of this overwhelming testimony more anon.

What is the "Russell" Treatment? The "Russell" treatment not only aims at the radical cure of obesity, but is designed to achieve that end in the easiest, pleasantest, and safest way possible. It involves no disagreeable processes, no exhausting physical exercise, and no arbitrary restrictions as to food and drink, at least, none that are not dictated by mere common sense in the case of any person inclined to undue stoutness. Mr. Russell's sheet-anchor, so to speak, in his treatment is a harmless, purely vegetable, liquid compound, to be taken at stated intervals, until the desired reduction has been completely attained. In his standard work entitled "Corpulence and the Cure," the author gives the recipe of this beneficent mixture as proof of its wholly herbal character and of its entire harmlessness.

The Tonic Element in the Treatment. The mixture in question is neither aperient nor constipating, but an admirable tonic which has the very desirable effect of increasing the appetite and aiding digestion, assimilation, and nutrition, with the result that all the while the reduction of fat is going steadily on (that is, is being destroyed and eliminated from the system), the patient, by taking an increased amount of wholesome nourishment, is enriching the blood, and thus increasing muscular strength, nerve strength, brain strength, and gaining in energy, good spirits, and zest for the pleasures of life. Work is no longer physical or mental toil, and outdoor exercise and recreation become once more delightful.

The Vice of other (so-called) Cures. Compare those glorious results with what is usually brought about by the terrible ordeal enjoined by other treatments (so styled), the debilitating and strength-sapping effects of which are often disastrous in the extreme. These old-time methods include a much-restricted dietary, which is weakening—and what is the total result? The subject is reduced in bulk, it is true; but by sheer loss of strength, vitality, energy, nerve and brain power—everything, in fact, that makes life pleasurable; for without health life is indeed burdensome. Herein lies the vital difference between the "Russell" treatment and other methods: the former is a builder-up of muscle, brain, and nerve; the latter are pullers-down of body and mind.

Rate of Fat Reduction. Within twenty-four hours of commencing the "Russell" treatment, the reduction of adipose tissue becomes apparent; as the weighing-machine will show—sometimes half a pound, more frequently from one to two pounds, and in very pronounced cases of obesity still more. This welcome decrease then continues daily in varying proportions until the normal dimensions are reached, when, as before stated, the treatment may be dropped. This is not the case with other methods, for as soon as the latter are abandoned the fat begins to form again; that is, if the patient be not utterly debilitated and "done up" by their cruel wasting effect upon the system. It cannot be too frequently urged that the "Russell" treatment is permanently strengthening as well as permanently fat-reducing.

"Corpulence and the Cure."* This is the title of Mr. Russell's *magnum opus*, and crowded into its 256 closely printed pages there is such a mass of information on the causes and the cure of corpulence as may well be regarded as the final word on the subject. The author, after scientifically setting forth the fallacies of other methods of treatment, gives some

very interesting statistics relating to the thousands of cases which have passed through his experienced hands. These figures serve to disprove the general conception that obesity is constitutional or hereditary; and also to prove, on the other hand, that the majority of stout persons are not by any means great eaters. "Corpulence and the Cure" contains advice to the corpulent on all matters pertaining to the cure of obesity.

Splendid Testimony. What will be of the greatest interest to our stout friends who peruse "Corpulence and the Cure" is the written experience of some hundreds of patients who have benefited by the "Russell" course. These extracts from private letters are conclusive enough to satisfy the most sceptical. For obvious reasons Mr. Russell omits the names of his patients, but every original letter is carefully filed for reference at Woburn House as proof of *bona fides*. Many of the quotations are headed "one-day test," and in these the subjects generally acknowledge a reduction of adipose tissue amounting to two pounds within twenty-four hours of taking the initial steps in the "cure." The patients are all grateful and enthusiastic, as well they might be.

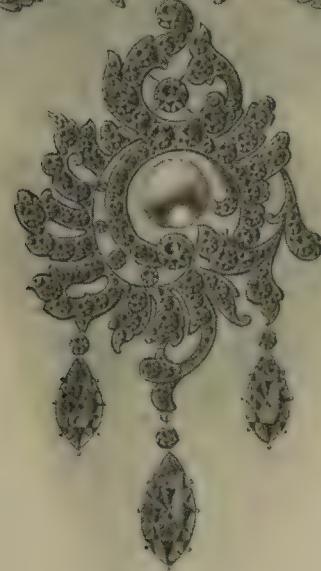
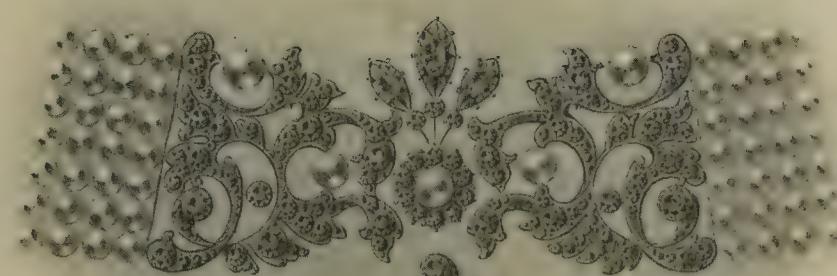
How to obtain the Book. Besides the above-mentioned interesting correspondence, which throws so clear a light upon the remarkable advantages of the "Russell" treatment, there are a great many extracts from the medical and general Press which are unanimous in their praise. To obtain a copy of this standard work our stout friends have but to send their address, with three penny stamps, to the author, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and they will receive the book by return under private sealed envelope.

Final Words. This, then, is the end of our little sermon, and we conscientiously exhort our corpulent friends to write without delay for their copy of "Corpulence and the Cure," confident as we are that they will gain from its lucidly written pages much information that will be of immense value and interest. Like cleanliness and godliness, healthiness is a means of grace; and as sure as day follows night, the "Russell" treatment brings health in its train, and that feeling of lightsomeness and exhilaration—clean health and a clear brain—from which the "unco' stout" are too often estranged.

* A Copy of "Corpulence and the Cure" will be sent under plain sealed envelope to all readers of "The Illustrated London News" who will forward their address, with three penny stamps, to the Author, F. CECIL RUSSELL, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. All Correspondence strictly confidential.

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popular, Pompadour effects being much liked, such as blue satin loops and ends for pink roses.

An evening Court must necessarily be a more brilliant spectacle than a daylight one, and the only drawback for those who attend it is the extinction of the Drawing-Room tea. This function used to be much enjoyed, both by hostess and guest; for the former used to like to come home to a circle of friends, and the latter to delight in hearing the latest news from Court. The mixture of costumes—the hostess in full gala dress and her friends in afternoon attire—was very curious, and the hostess used sometimes to invite any acquaintances who had attended the same Drawing-Room to come in on their way home, to keep her in countenance. Generally the visitors were pleasant and sympathetic, but sometimes they were critical, and inclined to pose certain test questions in order to discover if their hostess had been nervous. "How many royalties were present?" they used to ask; "and how many curtsies did you make?" And it required considerable presence of mind to answer these questions satisfactorily.

The latest modes are always to be seen to advantage at the theatre, and many of the dresses worn in the course of the piece now running at the Garrick form charming illustrations of the current fashions. Of course, Miss Vanbrugh's tall and graceful figure shows off gowns to their full advantage, yet anyone would find it difficult to look otherwise than elegant when clad in such a costume as the one in which Miss Vanbrugh makes her first appearance. It is formed of white chiffon, daintily tinted with roses in the palest shade of pink round the edge of the skirt, on the yoke, and at the top of the sleeves. The delicate material is laid in pleats on the skirt, the train being supported and saved from looking too slimy by ruchings of chiffon peeping out from under it. The straw hat is trimmed with roses, and a white ostrich feather is fastened under the brim at the left side by means of an antique ornament. Her second costume is a house-gown of pale-yellow cashmere, the bodice made very simply in blouse form, with a frill of the material down the centre, and a few small tucks on either side. Lace appliqués are placed at wide intervals on the top of the sleeves and the shoulders to harmonise the bodice with the skirt, the trimming of which consists of a couple of bands of appliquéd, the lowest on a level with the knees, the other half-way up to the waist. These bands do not quite encircle the skirt, but end in an enormous silk tassel, leaving a plain panel down the front. The toilette is completed by a crimson belt and a black chiffon tie, with a chic little black velvet bow set in the coiffure. The dress worn by Miss Arthur-Jones, though simplicity itself, could not well be prettier for a girlish wearer. In colour it is deep pink, the whole costume, skirt, bodice, and sleeves, being arranged in box-pleats each about a couple of inches wide. Tiny lace appliqués are used lavishly to decorate the sleeves and the yoke on both skirt and corsage, being placed



COSTUME - DE - VISITE.

only on the material between the pleats, not on the pleats themselves. Perhaps the most beautiful of all Miss Vanbrugh's dresses is an evening gown of pink crêpe-de-Chine, with gathered silk of a slightly darker shade inserted, and then worked over with mother-of-pearl sequins. The décolletage and the sleeves are in pink chiffon very much puffed. Over this gown is worn an evening coat formed of black velvet, with bands, extending from the shoulder to the hem, of net having a design of leaves in black velvet boldly worked on it. Through this net gleams the pale-blue silk with which the coat is lined, the blue relief being further carried out by rouleaux of chiffon peeping from under the collar, sleeves, and train, while a couple of ends of knotted chiffon fall down either side of the front.

Theatre-coats are very ornate at present, and I noticed a number of pretty ones at the Garrick first-night. One was in pearl-coloured brocade, the pattern outlined in gold sequins, with a high Medici collar edged with grey feather trimming. Another was in brown chiffon with a turn-down collar of velvet embroidered in bronze beads in a pattern of faded leaves, the waist-belt being arranged to correspond. A striking-looking coat was in black satin with no collar, but a handsome bolero of écrû guipure. Prettier than all was a Chinese coat in the palest shade of blue, with "Mandarin" sleeves with the correct hoof-shaped cuffs. There was great variety in hair-ornaments; wreaths and aigrettes, and diamond combs, some of the aigrettes being worn in the new way—arranged in a diagonal line.

The design shown in our Artist's first drawing this week has one feature which immediately marks it out as a thoroughly up-to-date creation—that is, the flounce of material falling over the shoulders. These capelines have already attained a high degree of popularity, and with tassels are to be found in some form or another on a large proportion of the latest Paris models. The costume illustrated could be carried out in light cloth, the strappings being made yet more decorative by having their edges piped with black silk. The second design is a smart visiting-costume suitable for wear at the present moment. Here again the capeline effect is obtained. In this case the material is edged by a frill of velvet. The sleeves are particularly pretty, having a puff of velvet forming an undersleeve, with a deep cuff of cloth beneath it. The costume is trimmed with string-coloured lace, while the toque is of chiffon embroidered in tones to harmonise with the colour of the dress.

At their Oxford Street Galleries, Warings are now showing their new season's lace curtains. The exclusive designs are characterised by the customary taste and refinement expected from that firm, and are priced so as to be within everyone's reach.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

At a meeting held on March 2, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of Brighton, was unanimously chosen to succeed Dr. Parker in the pastorate of the City Temple. Mr. Campbell is only thirty-six, and has been at Brighton for the past seven years. His father, the Rev. John Campbell, was a Free Methodist minister, who now lives in retirement near Nottingham. His grandfather, the Rev. James Campbell, was a Congregationalist minister. His family were settled near Belfast for several generations, but Mr. Campbell has no Irish blood. On both

Midland dioceses that he has scarcely been seen in London during the past year.

The Dean of Lichfield, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, has addressed some plain warnings to the wealthy idlers of Society. He condemned the misuse of Sunday, and the growing extravagance in food and drink. He instanced especially the case of one host who himself used, and gave to his guests, wine at enormous cost, and whose table was furnished with singular prodigality. When this man was asked by his parish priest for a sovereign to help a poor neighbour

which the first was delivered on Tuesday, March 3, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, begin at 5.30 p.m.

The memorial to the late Bishop of St. Albans is to consist of a Bishop's throne in the choir of the Cathedral, together with the completion of the choir-stalls.

A series of Lenten addresses for business women is now in course of delivery in the North-West Chapel of St. Paul's Cathedral on Thursday evenings at eight o'clock. Miss Gregory, daughter of the Dean, has taken an active part in the arrangements, and the



THE "FINGAL" HALF SUBMERGED.

A FEAT OF SALVAGE AT LIVERPOOL: RAISING THE FOUR-MASTED SHIP "FINGAL," SUNK ON FEBRUARY 28.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHURCHILL.

The "Fingal" has been successfully pumped out and raised by the Liverpool Salvage Association. All the gaps in the hull were stopped, and on the water being removed the vessel rose by natural law. She was afterwards towed to Laird's Yard for repair.



THE "FINGAL" RAISED.

sides of the family he is of purely Scottish descent. For some years past Mr. Campbell's popularity and influence in the Free Churches has been steadily increasing, and his Thursday services at the City Temple achieved a success which has no parallel since Mr. Spurgeon's early days in London. He has accepted the call.

Canon Beeching is in residence at Westminster Abbey during March, and is gathering large congregations on Sunday afternoons. An interesting event of next Sunday, March 15, will be the sermon by the Bishop of Worcester at the special evening service in the choir. Dr. Gore has worked so hard in his

in sickness, he buttoned up his pocket and fancied he had fulfilled his duty when he ordered his keeper to send the poor man a rabbit. A mean, uncharitable spirit frequently accompanies an extravagant disposition.

Glasgow University will confer the degree of D.D. on Archdeacon Sinclair next April.

Canon Hensley Henson has shown characteristic daring in selecting the titles of his Lenten lectures on "Studies in English History during the Seventeenth Century." They include "The Pre-Laudian Church of England," "Sabbatarianism," "Erastianism," "Casuistry," and "Toleration." The lectures, of

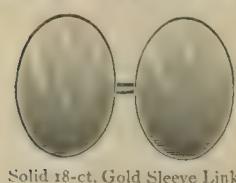
special preacher is the Rev. G. Brett, M.A. Mr. Brett's addresses are most practical and helpful, and they have been listened to by crowded congregations.

The old parish church at Doncaster was destroyed by fire fifty years ago, and the Vicar, Bishop Quirk, preached on the first Sunday in Lent, recalling the event and the subsequent rebuilding of the church. In 1908, he said, the jubilee of the new building will be commemorated. He appealed for a fund of £10,000, so that the fabric might be restored to its original beauty. Dr. Quirk has decided not to remove the Vicarage of Sharrow, Sheffield, but to remain in Doncaster. V.

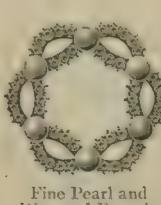
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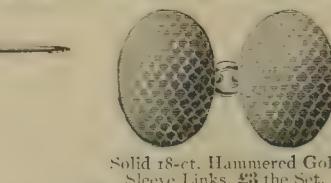
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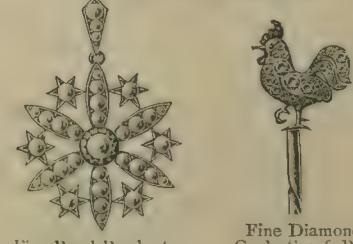
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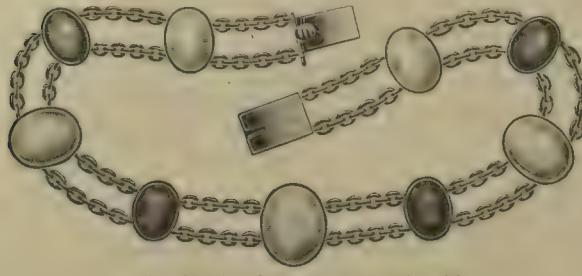
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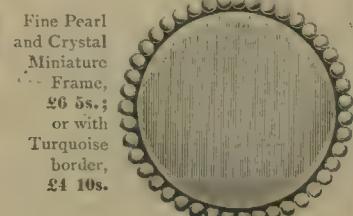
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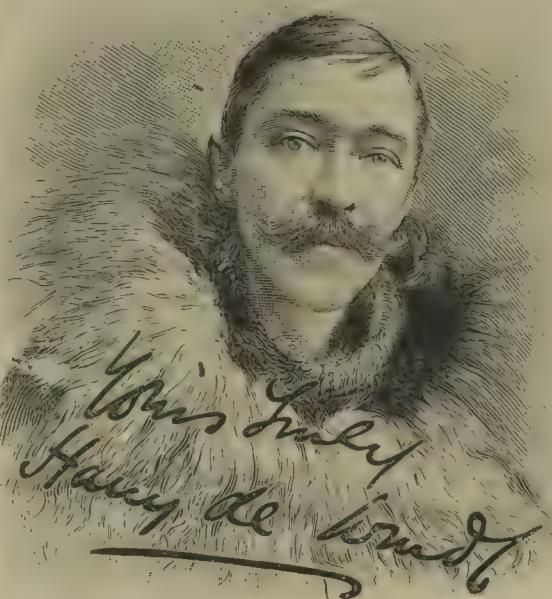
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ART NOTES.

This week gives us three small exhibitions of capital importance, two of them Dutch, and one boasting of some Dutch work. The history of Holland in art has been variously illustrious, but she has always had style. Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Jacob Maris are men of style, far apart in degree as in quality; but art is

in his far horizons, that he must have repeated a hundred times, and always freshly. Jacob Maris is at his best in another mood, in "Washing in the Canal," with its luminously beautiful greens; William Maris has the same kind of unsuspected brightness in his beautiful "Milking Time"; and Matthew Maris an imaginative sense of composition in "The Four

Douw. The passion for Gerard Douw is the universal passion of the connoisseur; and no wonder. At Messrs. Lawrie and Co.'s beautiful galleries in New Bond Street is now open an interesting exhibition, all seventeenth century and all Dutch. A Jan Steen, gross and almost hideous in subject, has yet an extraordinary dignity of composition, and breathes character and life. That



DRAPING THE POPE'S CHAIR.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S ENTHRONEMENT: PREPARATIONS FOR THE CELEBRATIONS AT ST. PETER'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.

justified completely of her Dutch children. At the galleries of Messrs. Obach and Co., New Bond Street, the second part of Sir John Day's fine collection is shown, and it is modern Dutch and exceedingly choice. Anton Mauve; Jacob, William, and Matthew Maris; Isaacs; and Bosboom are the principal painters represented. They are distinctively artistic artists, and perhaps there are some noble and simple qualities, especially in landscape, which they have not attained; but, short of great majesty and genius, their work is masterly. Jacob Maris has a fine sense of movement in his large skies, a depth of open shadow in his red towns, an atmosphere

Mills." And surely never was a lamb painted with a keener vitality than the lamb busily feeding, with its back to us, in Mauve's delightful picture.

Dutch painters of the seventeenth century have always been dear to the collector. The science, or art, of criticism began in the eighteenth century, and, as it were, immediately inherited the tastes of the age preceding. Post-Raphaelite work was held the best, and the longer after Raphael the better the art. We do not now hold that the late Bologna painters were the greatest of the Italian school, but we have never forsaken the opinion of the critic who first loved Gerard

hard and dreary master, Ruysdael, is represented by a forest scene in which one passage, at any rate, has beauty—the painting of an opening glade in thin sunshine. The Gerard Douw is small, but fine and complete. There are, besides, a rather beautiful Cuyp, a very fine Terburg, and a Metsu equally perfect. The Rembrandts are not of the first order.

The Goupil Gallery in Waterloo Place is, as usual, furnished with excellent pictures. We expect here, and find, something lovely in shadows against a low light by Fantin-Latour, some trees by Harpignies between the classic and the romantic mood, a shadow-side of



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THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POPE'S ENTHRONEMENT: PREPARATIONS FOR THE CELEBRATIONS AT ST. PETER'S.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Masai Warriors. REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

On the occasion of Mr. Chamberlain's recent visit to Mombasa, East Africa, a torchlight war-dance by the picturesque Masai warriors was given in his honour. In this connection a striking incident, as showing the world-wide use of Holloway's famous remedies, is illustrated by the accompanying photograph, taken on the spot by a correspondent of *The Sphere*. Indeed,

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The Masai warrior carrying his grease pot slung from the lobe of his right ear. The pot in this case was a HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT jar, and the lobe of the ear had been stretched to get round the pot.

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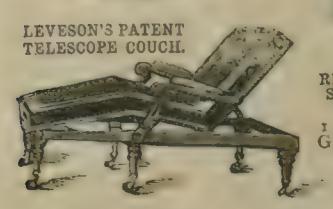
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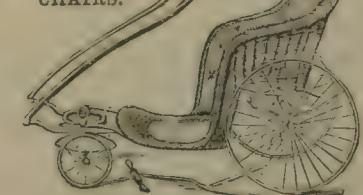
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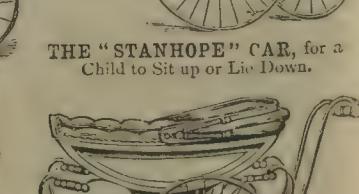
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a luminous landscape by Muhrman, colour and light and life from the hand of George Clausen. The well-known work of the Dutch artist, Bosboom, appears with fresh charm in water-colour; and Bertram Priestman and José Weiss have strong landscapes and large skies. Six painters exhibit in the gallery for the first time, and of these fresh names that of Le Sidaner, a Frenchman, is the most conspicuous. His work is that of an impressionist who seeks very few and very limited things—the interpretation of white flowers, white walls, white porcelain, white linen, and even snow itself, by a kind of stifled pale grey. The beauty of white becomes perceptible slowly, but it is there; and there are surprises of beauty in the painting of the picture called "La Table," with its centre of strange white chrysanthemums. Beauty need not be obvious, but it should be more evident than it is in one or two other works by this young painter. Nor can persistency in painting snow and a lighted window, as in nearly all of these eight pictures, be a good sign of an artist's conviction on the many problems of art and nature. Another of the new exhibitors, also from Paris, is Lebourg, painter of a fine, true, and sincere sunset scene, "Banks of the Seine."

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are exhibiting at Mr. McQueen's Galleries, in the Haymarket, the

original drawings, by Mr. Byam Shaw, for the "Chiswick Shakspere." More than a hundred of these drawings show all the care and love of the picturesque that a gorgeous Shakspere revival on the modern stage also displays. Some of the accessories—backgrounds of Italian gardens, architecture, interiors, and costumes—are very beautiful and complete. The personages are intelligently rendered; everything has been thought out. There is something lacking in the actions here and there, but rather in the tragedy than the comedy, which is generally good and frank. Mr. Byam Shaw shows himself to be something better than a sentimental in feeling, and the necessities of black and white have called out his best strength in design.

At Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road, near the north-west corner of Kensington Gardens, Mr. John Baillie has, during this month, a collection of water-colour drawings by Miss Sowerby. Her work is bright and fine, her view of things has the somewhat exaggerated sharpness that seems to suggest a peculiarity of eyesight. The reflection in a convex mirror, and some effects of light in a conservatory, approach these sharply edged lines and intensely defined colours of hollyhocks and other companies of garden-flowers. This is Miss Sowerby's convention, and it is hard to say that it is less legitimate than the precisely opposite

convention to which so many modern painters have accustomed us. The one thing necessary is that, whether by one way or another, a picture should be contained within four corners. Miss Sowerby makes a miniature of nature and of the charming figures which she draws, rosy-cheeked, with rather too much sameness of profile; and she makes it charmingly.

Dr. E. J. Dillon gives an account in the *Contemporary Review* of the sufferings of Macedonians at the hands of the Turkish regular troops. The evidence seems conclusive; but at Constantinople all the stories of outrage are steadily denied. Dr. Dillon and other writers familiar with the country declare that the Macedonians will revolt, in spite of the reforms just accepted by the Sultan.

The East London Church Fund kept up fairly well during last year, the income falling short by only £77 of that of 1901. To Bournemouth alone the Fund was indebted for £1690. The annual sermon and address of the Bishop of London at Bournemouth are valuable assets of the Fund. The London churches are somewhat slow to contribute. Only seventy-five out of 422 congregations in the City and West End had an offertory for the Fund last year.

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A Revelation in Price as well as Quantity

Sozodont Tooth Powder at 1/-

Introduced 52 years ago. Now offered in an enlarged and improved Box (adopted 1902) with New Patent Can, which keeps the dirt out and the flavor in, while economizing the Powder as used. No waste. No spilling. Handy for travellers. Easy to use. Cleaner and more hygienic than others, and bigger, too.

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FIG. 1.

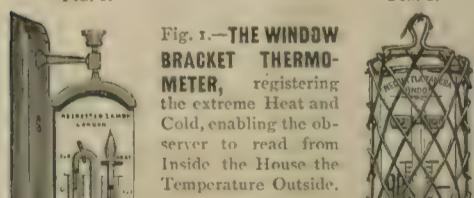


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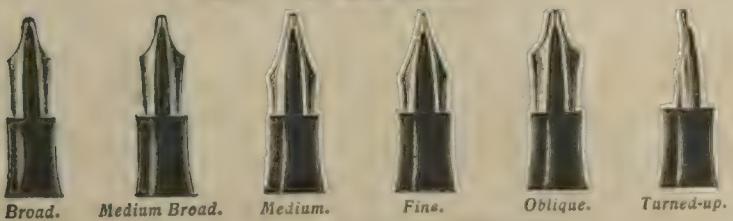
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 4, 1902) of the Right Hon. Henry Baron Pirbright, P.C., of Pirbright, Surrey, and 42, Grosvenor Place, was proved on Feb. 27 by Sarah Lady Pirbright, the widow; and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the estate being £425,056. The testator bequeaths £100,000 to his wife; £1000 per annum to his daughter Constance Valerie Countess Lowenstein Scharffeneck during the life of her mother; an annuity of £200 to Miss Henrietta Percy; £500 to his secretary, Peter McGuin; £500 to Richard Dawes; and £20,000 to his nephew, Dr. George Landauer, should he survive Lady Pirbright. Portions are to be made up of £100,000 for his daughter, the Hon. Alice Antoinette Elvina Henrietta Morrison; and of £80,000 for his daughter, the Countess Lowenstein Scharffeneck; but during the life of Lady Pirbright the income from such sums is to be paid to her. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated May 8, 1902), with two codicils (dated Aug. 25 and Oct. 6 following), of Dame Annie Jerningham, wife of Sir Hubert Edward Henry Jerningham, K.C.M.G., of Longridge Towers, Berwick-on-Tweed, who died on Oct. 9, has been proved by Edward Liddell and Henry Liddell-Grainger, the brothers, the value of the estate being £210,566. The testatrix gives £200 to Dr. Joseph Paxton; her

pictures, horses, and carriages to her husband; an annuity of £300 to the Rev. William Smyth, of St. Cuthbert's Chapel, Berwick, and £500 for charitable objects in connection therewith; and £400 each to Joseph Dinning and Amy Jolliffe. The residue of her property she leaves upon trust for her husband for life, and then for her children, and in default thereof for her said two brothers.

The will (dated March 4, 1901), with a codicil (dated Dec. 30, 1902), of Mr. Robert Heath, of St. John's Lodge, Clapham Road, and 24 and 25, St. George's Place, Hyde Park, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on Feb. 26 by Robert Stevens Fraser, Edmund Brown Veney Christian, and Alexander William Leslie Lickley, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £191,955. The testator gives £1000, the furniture and household effects, and the income from Craven House, Northumberland Avenue, to his wife; Nos. 61 and 63, Victoria Street, Westminster, in trust for Harry Jeffcoat; six freehold houses in Garrick Street, Covent Garden, in trust for Jessy Jane Jeffcoat and her children; his shares in the Alexandra Hotel to his daughter Jessy Jane Dear, and £7500 to her children; two freehold houses in Pall Mall, in trust, to pay £200 per annum to his daughter-in-law Bessie Heath while she remains the widow of his son Robert, and, subject thereto, upon further trusts, for his granddaughters Beatrice Stella Victoria Heath and

Bessie Heath; and many legacies to executors, persons in his employ, and servants. The residue of his property he leaves between Beatrice Stella Victoria Heath, Bessie Heath, the children of John Daniel Jeffcoat (except Roy Jeffcoat), the children of Alfred Jeffcoat, the daughters of Mrs. Eliza Bond, Jessy Jane Jeffcoat, and Louise L. Champion.

The will (dated Nov. 14, 1899) of Mr. Henry Edward Schunck, Ph.D., F.R.S., of Oaklands, Kersal, Higher Broughton, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on March 3 by Martin Hubert Schunck, John Edgar Schunck, and Charles Adalbert Schunck, the sons, the value of the estate being £148,134. The testator gives the land with the laboratory and buildings thereon adjoining his residence, and the apparatus, instruments, specimens, books, etc., to Owens College, Manchester, for the study of and research in chemistry, both for men and women. He also gives £1000, an annuity of £3000, and the use and enjoyment of Oatlands to his wife, Mrs. Judith Howard Schunck; £10,000, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Catherine Marston; certain ground rents at Greenheys to his son Charles Adalbert; and legacies to servants. On the death of Mrs. Schunck, he gives Oatlands to his son Martin; and the residue of his property he leaves to his three sons.

The will (dated July 14, 1902) of Mr. Edward Weatherby, of 6, Old Burlington Street, and Frome House, Frome St. Quintin, Dorset, who died on Dec. 31,

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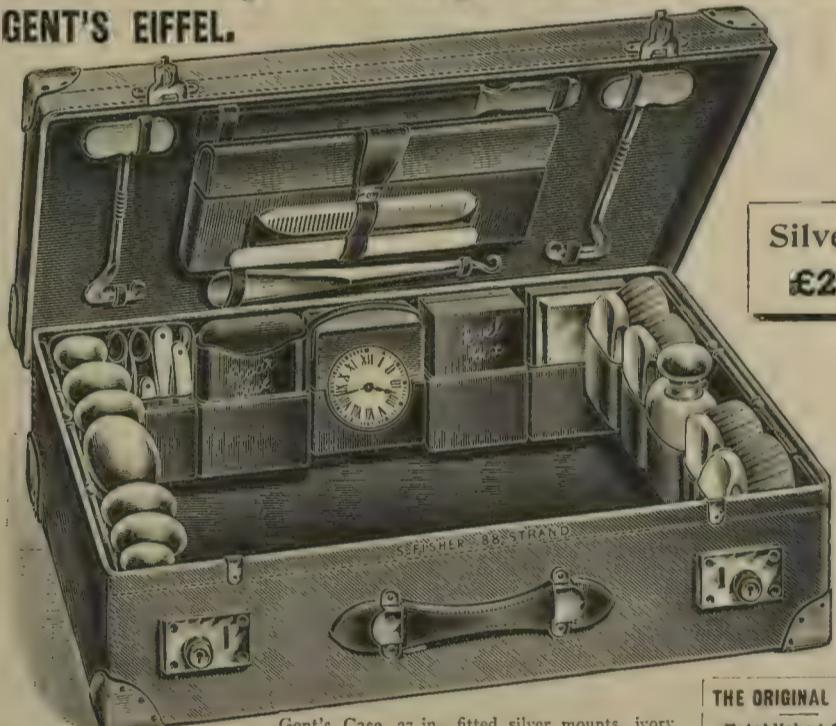
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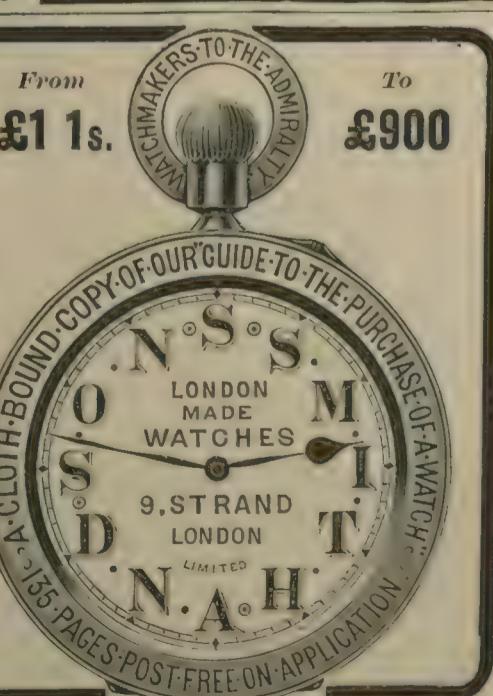
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was proved on Feb. 28 by Charles Thomas Weatherby and John Harry Weatherby, the sons, and Charles Bernard Peachey, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,359. The testator bequeaths £500 and the household and domestic effects to his wife, Mrs. Evelyn Mary Weatherby; £200 to his sister, Ellen Kelsall; £200 each to his cousin, Edward Thorpe Brackenbury, and his nieces M. Eva Barker and Norah Peachey; and legacies to old servants. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares between his wife and children, except his sons who are partners with him in the business of Weatherby and Sons, 6, Old Burlington Street.

The will (dated May 1, 1899), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1901), of Mr. Robert Cunliffe, of 17, Inverness Terrace, W., and 48, Chancery Lane, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Feb. 25 by John Williams Cunliffe, Robert Ellis Cunliffe, and Walter Frederick Cunliffe, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £106,568. The testator bequeaths £10,000 each to his sons; £10,000 in trust for each of his daughters; £1000 to his son John Williams; £500 to his son John Ellis; £500 and his interest in the partnership business of Cunliffes and Davenport to his son Walter Frederick; £2300 to his daughter Gwendoline; £2000 each to his daughters Mrs. Ella Letitia Laming and

Mrs. Sibyl Harriet Radcliffe; £100 each to his sons and daughters-in-law; £100 to his partner, Alfred Davenport; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons.

The will (dated Aug. 1, 1900) of Mr. John Dunn Gardner, J.P., D.L., of 37, Grosvenor Place, and Chatteris, Isle of Ely, formerly M.P. for Bodmin, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on Feb. 24 by Mrs. Ada Dunn Gardner, the widow, and Algernon Charles Wyndham Dunn Gardner, the son, the value of the estate being £82,043. The testator gives pieces of land at Chatteris to his son Arthur Andrew Cecil; and other property at Chatteris and Sutton and Fordham, near Soham, to his son Algernon Charles Wyndham. He also gives his Great Eastern Railway debentures, the furniture at his town house, and one half of his wines to his wife; his books, manuscripts, pictures, prints, and statuary to his son Algernon; other furniture and effects to his son Arthur; and £3000 to his daughter Ada Maria. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Algernon.

The will (dated March 1, 1897), with a codicil (dated June 19, 1902), of Admiral Edwin Clayton Tennyson d'Eyncourt, C.B., of 56, Warwick Square, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on Feb. 27 by John Davies

Davenport and Alfred Henry Tarleton, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £67,338. The testator bequeaths his leasehold residence, with the furniture, etc., to his daughter, Mrs. Henrietta Charlotte Tarleton; £100 each to the executors; £100 to his nephew Edmund Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt; an annuity of £55 to Jonathan Woods; and legacies to servants. His residuary estate is to be held, in trust, for his daughter, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1898), with two codicils (dated Nov. 17, 1899, and Nov. 28, 1902), of Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., of Clopton House, Stratford-on-Avon, who died on Dec. 24, was proved on March 2 by the Rev. Francis Henry Hodgson, the son, and the Hon. Henry Stuart Littleton, the value of the estate amounting to £59,986. The testator gives £20,000 to his daughter Eliza Pemberton Hodgson; £4000 to his daughter Annie Frances, wife of Viscount Lifford; £4000 to his daughter Charlotte Maria Rashleigh; £600, the use of the household furniture, and an annuity of £1000 to his wife; £500 to the Municipal Charities at Stratford-on-Avon; and £500 each to Arthur Ralph Pemberton, Edward Coleman Rashleigh, Arthur Hammond Hodgson, and George Hudson. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

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Mr. CULLETON's Collections and Library of 2,000 Heraldic and Genealogical Works contain references to 250,000 Pedigrees of English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, and Continental families. 500 Parish Registers; 300 Foreign Works of all nationalities.
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Safe and Reliable. Gives Immediate Relief.
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Is the Best LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.
Prevents the decay of the TEETH.
Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.
Is perfectly harmless, and
Delicious to the Taste.
Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.
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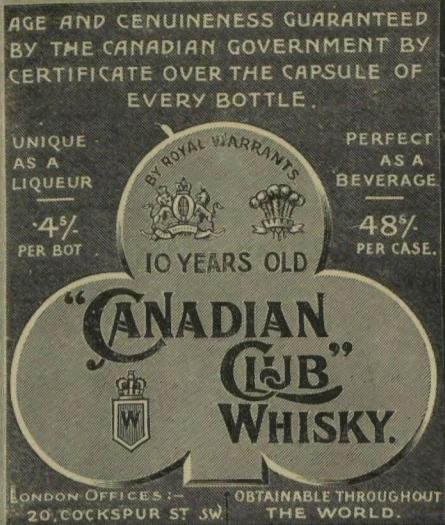
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Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches and Sores of all kinds, its Effects are Marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

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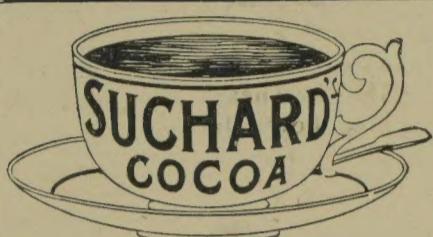
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COUNT THE COST.

Vinolia doesn't cost any more than other soaps, and preserves the complexion.



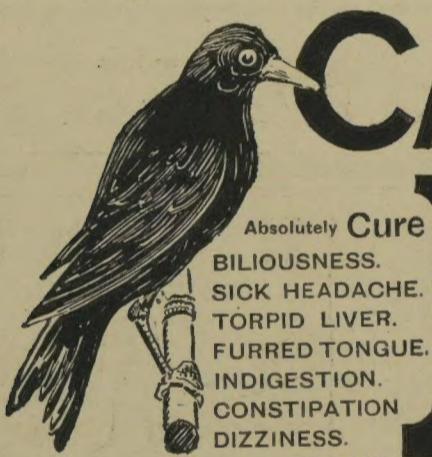
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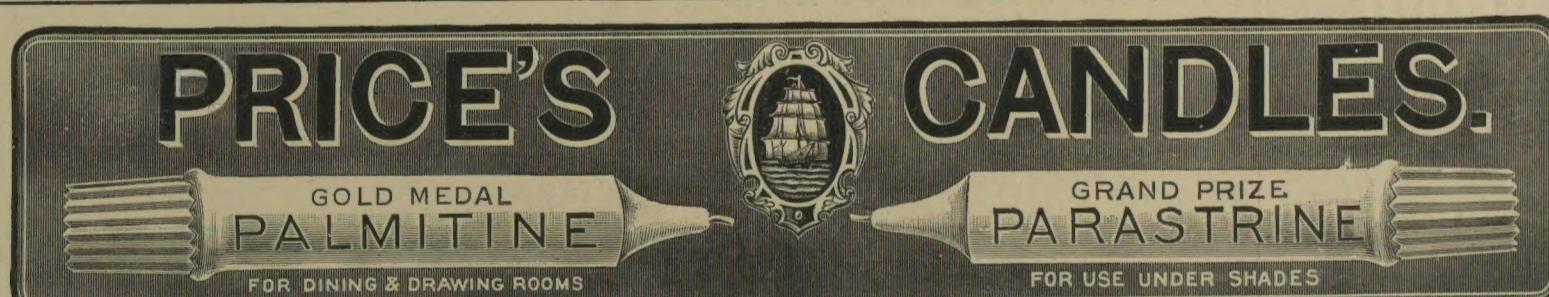
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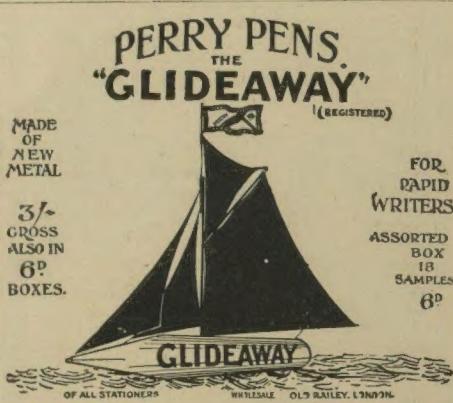
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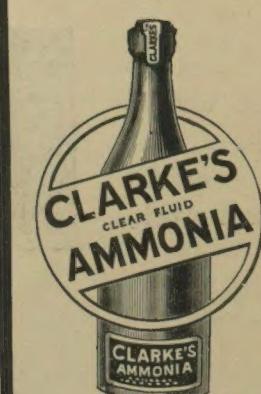
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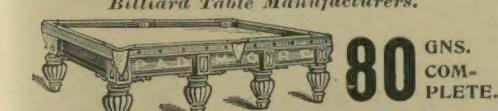
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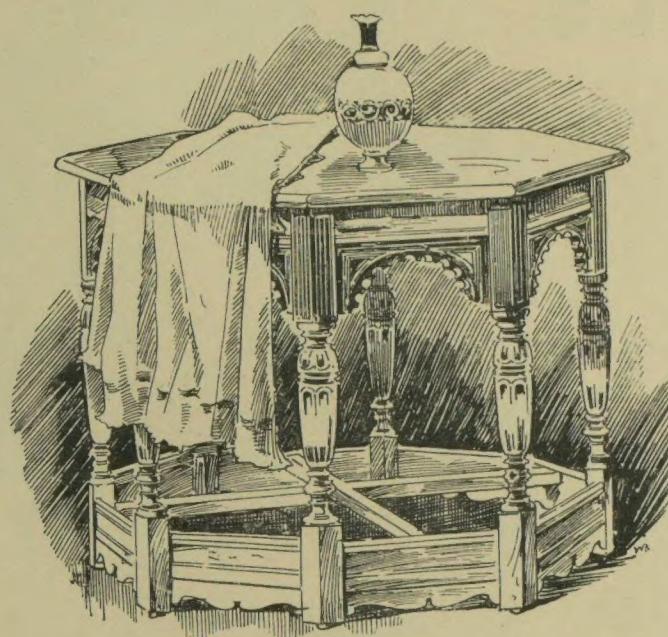
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Bather is not fastened to Cabinet.

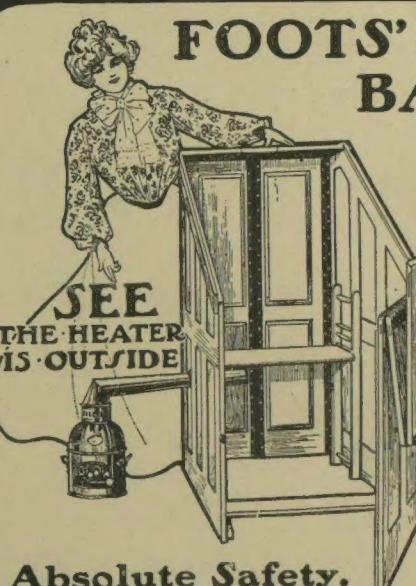
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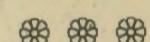
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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
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Covers a much
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